No. 207 (New Series). Vol. 4. March 7, 1936

The PASSING SHOW 2D.

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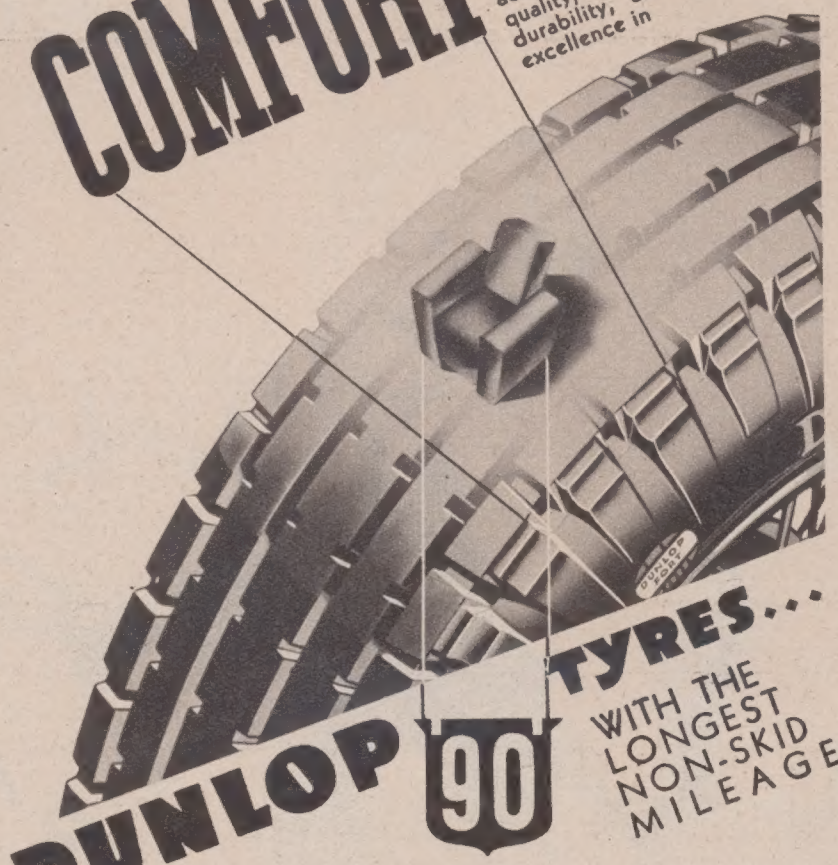

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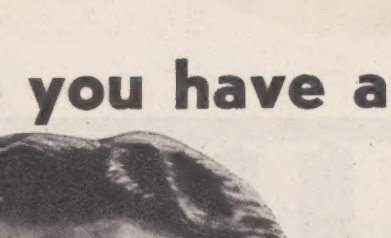

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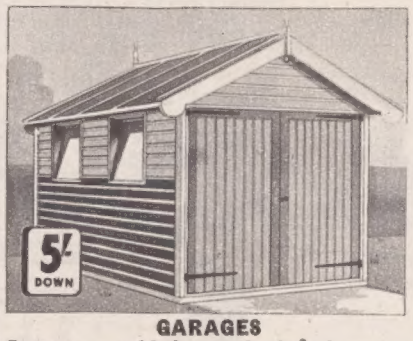

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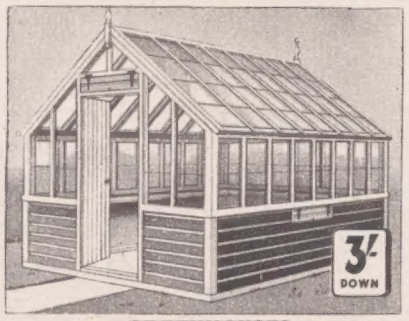

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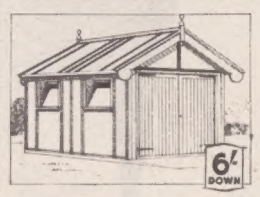

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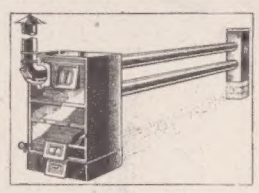

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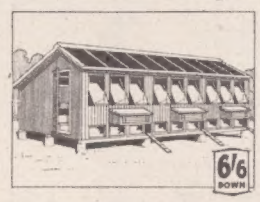

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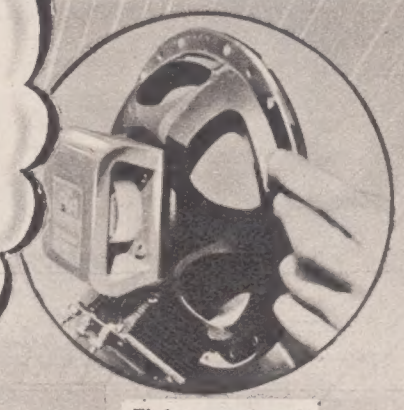
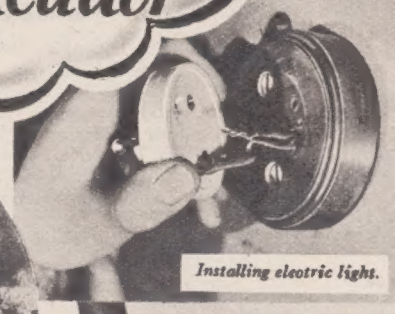
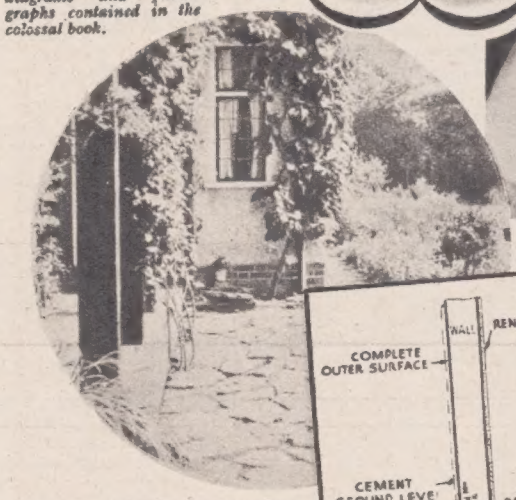


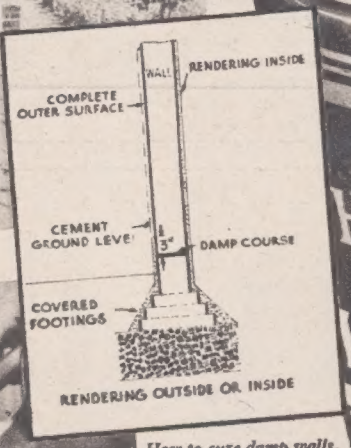
Fitting a moving-coil speaker.



Installing electric light.



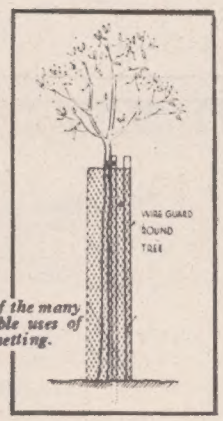
Laying crazy paving.



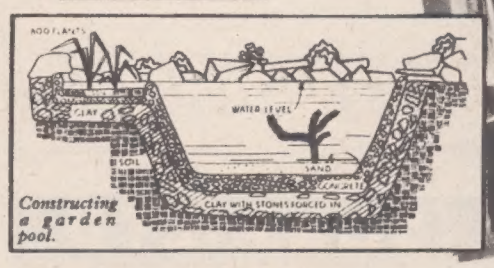
How to cure damp walls.

Mending broken windows.

How to paint woodwork.

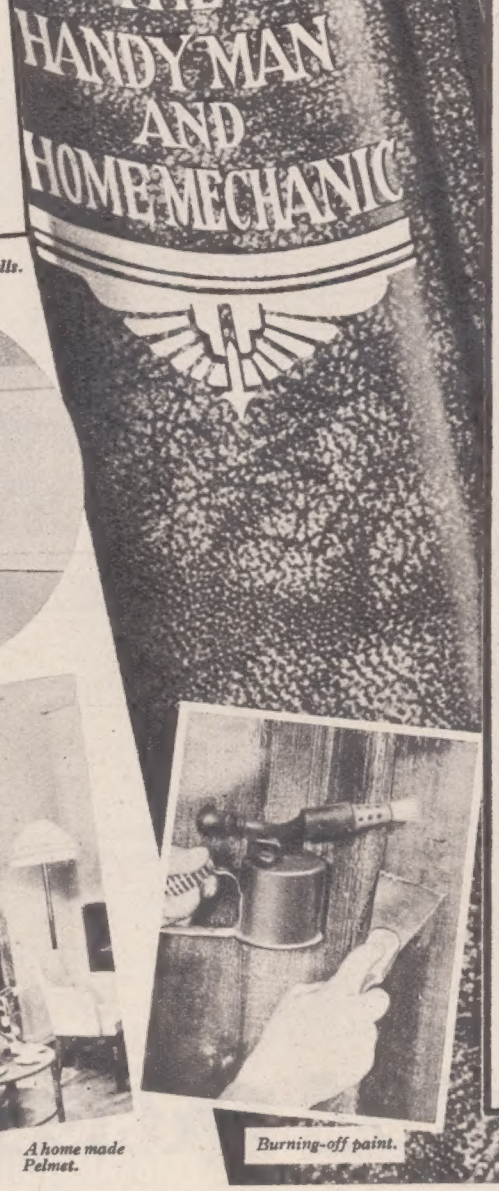


One of the many valuable uses of wire netting.



Constructing a garden pool.

A home made Pelmet.



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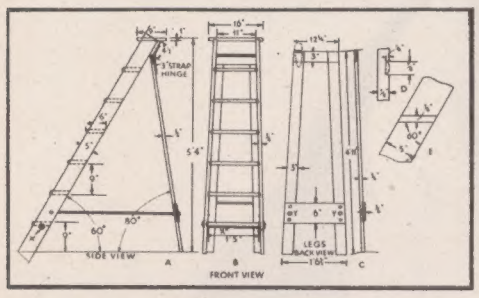

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PASSING SHOW
No.207. Vol.5. MARCH 7. 1936.

Confessions of a Fashion King

PAUL POIRET

of Paris begins his life story, written for "The Passing Show" . . . set in the most glamorous scenes of the world's capitals . . . packed with racy stories of the famous . . . revealing the jealously-guarded secrets of the Rue de la Paix . . . telling, too, of a poor boy's meteoric rise to be the wealthy dressmaker of queens, princesses and millionaires . . .

IT often amuses me to reflect that the second great chance of my life was as—"Potato-fryer!"

The head of one of the most famous dress houses, Worth's, in Paris—at that time directed by the two brothers, Jean and Gaston Worth, sons of the famous couturier—approached me one day with the remark:

"Young man, Maison Worth possesses the most exalted and richest clientele, and dresses the courts of the whole world. But to-day this clientele does not always dress in robes of state. Even princesses take the omnibus or go on foot in the streets.

"Now, my brother Jean has always refused to undertake a certain order of dresses for which, none the less, we are asked. We are likened to a great restaurant which refuses to serve anything but truffles. Therefore it is necessary for us to create a department for fried potatoes" . . .

I was to be the potato-fryer.

In those days I was quick to seize any opportunities which came my way, so determined was I to "get there" in the end—even without the encouragement of my family.

There came a day, for instance, when I recklessly decided to leave Worth's and launch out on my own with a capital of only fifty thousand francs and the only available premises within my means a melancholy half-shop having once belonged to an unsuccessful tailor! While actually the first models I ever created were pinned round a tiny wooden mannequin, forty centimetres high, "after office hours" in my room at night, where I spent long fascinating hours feverishly fashioning scraps of coloured silk and ribbons into fantastic creations.

In a narrow little street where my father had set up as a cloth merchant, I first saw Paris, and even now I can remember the perfect coiffure of the fruiterer's wife opposite, and the little factory where "marrons glacés" and compôtes perfumed the quarter with a most delicious odour.

I shall never forget the day when my father carried me on his shoulder to the exhibition of 1889, I was literally drunk with joy as I gazed upon the coloured lights and fairy fountains; I believe that all my taste for colour was born on that day.

After that exhibition, instead of toys, I played at "colours," pressing the petals of flowers to try and make inks and colours, though by such primitive methods that naturally the only results were irredeemably stained clothes and face!

I also tried my hand at extracting perfume from roses and confining them in bottles of alchohol and soda water. Having no notion of chemistry, the day I made a hole in one of the boxes, nothing but a horrible musty odour escaped!

I was very disillusioned, but never discouraged. I should perhaps have been even less had I dreamt that one day the famous Monsieur Coty himself, was going to offer to buy up my perfume business!

Even in those days I took a passionate interest in dress and I used to hang around my mother's skirts when she had afternoon tea-parties, later feasting on all the fashion magazines and catalogues I could lay hands on. They tell me that as a small boy I was something of a dandy, and if I did not always remember to wash, I never forgot to wear a clean collar!

● Whether in London's Rotten Row or Paris's Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, this was the scene and these the fashions among which Paul Poiret grew up and made his name.

Ah, Paris in those days! How different it is now! Women, then (forgive me!) knew the art of elegance. I remember little bonnets with strings of plaited flowers, leg-of-mutton sleeves that did not match and were cut from different material to the dress, rustling skirts called "sweepers" because their ruches swept the street, bustles, and little hats caracolling from the heights of piled-high curls.

And those evenings at the Comèdie Française! They were paradise to me, and I never missed one. Punctually after family supper I was waiting for the doors to open, and under the splendour of that great glass chandelier I watched Sarah Bernhardt, Lucien Guitry, Réjane (in her little check tailor-made, which she changed before the eyes of the audience), De Feraudy, and others.

The theatre, and the many artistic contacts I made there, all strongly influenced and developed my taste for colour, and I craved more and more to get away from the umbrella manufacturer where my father had sent me with great determination so soon as I had left school and matriculated. How I hated that job!

Especially as my employer, a mean, small-minded man, took so malicious a delight in trying to humiliate me by assigning me all the most menial tasks, such as filling up the holes in the silk with gum.

I was truly grateful to my sisters for that little wooden mannequin they gave me, and I played with it by the hour, (dressing it with bits of silk filched from the umbrella factory!) and imagining sumptuous toilettes.

One day I daringly took some of my designs—sketched in Indian ink—to the famous Madame Cheruit, of the Maison "Raudnitz Soeurs," and waited trembling in a dark passage outside, feeling a mere whipper-snapper, and wondering how I had the impudence to imagine she would look at them. But to my astonishment she not only looked at them, but praised them, and actually bought them at twenty francs apiece, commissioning me to come again.

I could hardly believe my eyes and ears—twelve sketches at twenty francs apiece! Such was a gold mine to me then and, feeling independence born in me at that moment, I immediately crossed Paris with my umbrellas in a cab instead of on my back!

I shall always feel grateful to this elegant Madame Cheruit, who in spite of all her grandeur, gave me my first "chance," and from then on I gradually worked up a little connection, and even—after

(*Continued on page* 8)

Continuing CONFESSIONS

● "When I saw Lily Langtry I was very impressed by her enormous height, but . . . a little disappointed in her beauty."

sundry encounters with dignified door commissionaires—"gate-crashed" into some of the famous dress houses.

And then one day, to my unbounded excitement, the great Monsieur Doucet himself suggested that from henceforth I should put my eggs into only *one* basket, and offer all my designs to his house.

My father, who had no idea of the steps I had been taking or the progress I had made, refused to believe me, and decided to accompany me himself to Monsieur Doucet and "present" me properly, as was the formal custom then. I was tremendously impressed by Monsieur Doucet's boots as I had never in my life seen any so highly polished. I discovered afterwards that this was a special process, and the boots had to be sent back to the factory every time he wore them!

At Doucet's I remember delightful times and unforgettable people. One day, trying to dress the part of a rising young couturier, I daringly ordered a suit for myself from the Place Vendome (the Savile Row of Paris), and was astonished at the reasonable price.

Returning in seventeen days to have it fitted, I was amazed to find a coat only, and no *trousers*.

"Trousers, Monsieur? What trousers? You did not order any."

Feeling so humiliated and crestfallen I was, of course, obliged to order some, although I could scarcely afford the money!

Which reminds me of the day—much earlier—when I decided I was of the right age to have my first top-hat, or "opera" hat. What a ritual to choose it. In the Paris of that day it was quite as important for a young man as the first evening gown for a young girl. Years beforehand I had dreamt of it, picturing its effect on my friends. With a colleague I secretly visited all the great hat-makers of Paris, finally making my choice *chez* Gibou, one of the most famous.

After having made him bring down an absolute avalanche of elegant hats, I chose a distinguished looking model which might well have belonged to the painter Manet. "And the price?"

"Eh bien, Monsieur Poiret," said the hat-maker discreetly, "we will put it on your father's account."

I thought him most intelligent and sympathetic, and surely the father of a family himself, the idea came so naturally. It did not, however, come so naturally to my father, when a month later he had the bill. He furiously snatched the hat, and before my eyes threw it on the fire!

My first model at Doucet's was a little red cloth cloak with bands of cloth "pinked" round the neck, a lapel of grey crêpe-de-chine, and six enamel buttons which buttoned up the cloak down one side. Four hundred copies of it were sold in every colour, and my position there became definitely assured. It meant, too, that one day I was called into Monsieur Doucet's office and offered my first salary of five hundred francs a month—an enormous sum at that time for a young man to receive.

When I told my father he frankly refused to believe me, until I exclaimed: "But papa, I have it in my pocket!" and brought out some gold cuff links with cabochan opals for him, purchased in the Rue de la Paix!

I was so encouraged and stimulated by Doucet's appreciation, that I threw myself even more enthusiastically into my work, designing whole collections of costumes. Some of these I remember very well, and possess the sketches to this day. These consisted of jackets and skirts drawn in at the waist and worn over corsets that were *real* corslets, sheaths in which women literally imprisoned themselves from throat to knee!

Every week at Doucet's we created new models to be worn by the belles of the day at the races on Sunday. As, naturally, there existed great rivalry amongst the belles and as not one of them would ever appear in a toilette that had been seen before, there was a scramble to have them tried on at the last minute only, ready for the sensation they were to create on Sunday. So that quite often Saturday night saw us literally "improvising" a dress on the lady herself and delivering it on Sunday morning!

Actually I had between my hands on Saturday evening all the dresses that would amuse Paris twenty-four hours later, and I rarely failed to go to the races myself afterwards, to study the results of these models and ponder over even more daring creations.

By this time my designs were beginning to be recognised and people were talking of me. Monsieur Doucet insisted that I should be seen more often in all the "chic" circles of Paris, and moreover, he suggested, in company with some attractive girl whom I should dress in my own style.

"I daresay they advise you at home to buy gilt-edged securities," he remarked, "but that is not the way to become a *couturier*—you can save later."

Doucet was as good as his word. The following day I found a note of introduction to a beautiful and charming American actress, who sang Viennese operettas and frequented the salons of the Paris *élite*. Inside the note were neatly folded three thousand-franc notes! Unfortunately, however, after a time my elegant friend took the sketches I designed for her dresses to be made up at a cheaper place than Doucet's, and Monsieur Doucet very courteously deprived himself of my services!

Two months later I was obliged to serve my military service, and then what a change from the atmosphere of silks, satins, ribbons, and feathers!

I soon found it was very comfortable in the barrack's infirmary and quickly became an habitué. With a little artificial aid my temperature periodically rose to disquieting heights, returning, of course, to normal as soon as the doctor disappeared.

At the end of my service I looked about me to see how best I could make a come-back into the world of the great dress-houses, and it was then that Jean and Gaston Worth offered me, as I have already said, the role of "potato-fryer" in their famous establishment.

One day I was sent to London to take some exquisite lace, and jewels from Cartier, to the famous Mrs. Lily Langtry. One little necklace in particular must have been priceless. My father was divided between pride at the confidence shown in me and the fear something might happen to the jewels, so he instructed me in no case to sleep or lie down without placing them under my pillow.

At the last moment he wrapped them up in a newspaper, saying the parcel would be less likely to attract the attention of thieves. No doubt it was a good idea, but I was ashamed at the thought of arriving in London—that capital of elegance—with a parcel wrapped up in newspaper!

So at the first moment I discarded it, but unfortunately in my agitation left my train ticket behind, so when my father arrived panting and furious at the last moment with it, he discovered what I had done and I was obliged to retake the hateful newspaper! I slept that night with the packet clutched to my heart—but I slept, while my father told me afterwards he had not closed his eyes all night!

When I saw Mrs. Langtry I was very impressed by her enormous height, but to tell you the truth I was a little disappointed in her beauty, of which I had heard so much. I felt that she by no means came up to my personal standard of a lovely woman!

However, I delivered my precious parcel to her, and before her eyes made some rapid sketches, with which she declared herself enchanted. I returned to Paris in triumph.

One morning Monsieur Jean Worth proudly showed me a letter he had received from the English court, describing the etiquette of full court dress, by which the nobility wore shorter or longer trains or ermine borders, according to their rank and titles. The letter contained an order to make all the mantles for the coronation of Edward VII!

Shall I ever forget the excitement and bustle of that day? From that moment we thought in terms of nothing but crimson and velvet. The exquisite material was far too fragile to be worked on tables or pulled about, and so each cloak was hung on a wooden mannequin, the train pinned to the ground, while swarms of workmen circled round them, like archdeacons performing some ancient ritual!

I must say that some of the dresses designed by these two brothers were magnificent and frequently inspired from the canvases of the old masters. I remember some marvellous corsages moulded from satin, which stood stiff like armour, and sleeves made from a long tulle scarf held above the elbow by a row of diamonds and finished by two emerald tassels, and also a silk gown embroidered round the hem with immense swallows.

No wonder some of my "man-in-the-street" models seemed to them puny and wretched in comparison! One morning Jean Worth was roused to such fury by one of my creations that he grew quite pale, and said (in front of everyone in the room) "you call that a dress? It is a louse."

I crept off to hide my shame in my office!

Soon after this I suddenly decided to leave Worth's, for the great moment had come to set up—"*chez* Poiret"! So I went to Monsieur Gaston Worth and said: "You asked me to set up a department for fried potatoes and I have done it. I am satisfied and I hope you are, too. Now I am thinking of setting up for myself in another quarter, and frying chips on my own account. Will you pay for my frying pan?"

Monsieur Worth smiled and said he could not dream of taking an interest in any business but his own. But he congratulated me on my initiative and courage and wished me luck.

Fired with enthusiasm and all sorts of wild ideas, I cast about for a suitable spot in Paris to found the "House of Poiret." I already owned a small house then, at Anvers-sur-Oise, with a tiny garden going down to the river where I could fish in the morning before going to work.

But unfortunately, I was richer in ideas than in cash, and had only a very small capital to set up the magnificent premises I would have liked. Reluctantly I was obliged to take a melancholy little tailor's shop. In a week I somehow contrived to make the shop lose some of its gloom. To hide the awful carpet rioting with fat red roses like red beef-steaks, which I could not afford to throw away, I spent my "all" on fantastic and profuse window displays.

In autumn I brought back golden-red foliage from the Forest of Fontainbleau and intermingled it with cloths and velvets. In winter I cascaded white cloths and tulles and muslins under overhanging dead branches.

In a month from the day I opened my shop, all Paris had stopped at least once in front of my window—including the great Réjane in her mule-drawn carriage!

My first gesture was to wage war on the corset, then very much in vogue. The latest model was called the *gâche sarrauté*, an abomination which divided its wearer into two distinct masses. In the name of liberty I proclaimed the fall of the corset, and introduced the brassière, which has since won the day. Then, having freed the body, I perversely proceeded to imprison the legs by introducing the hobble skirt.

Of course, all the women protested, and to the accompaniment of tears and gnashing of teeth, wore—my tight skirt! For are not women always like this? Do they not utter the same groans to-day when short skirts are replaced by sweeping trains?

Unfortunately, my book-keeper nearly caused the shipwreck of all my dreams, by not only stealing valuable silks, but swindling my account books.

So I took him off with me to the depths of a little

of a FASHION KING

● "Ah, Paris in those days ! Women then (forgive me !) knew the art of elegance. I remember little bonnets with strings of plaited flowers, leg-of-mutton sleeves . . . rustling skirts called sweepers . . . bustles, and little hats caracolling from the heights of high-piled curls. . . ."

court, where, with a sinister-looking cat and a kettle of water over the fire, a clairvoyante I had selected went into a trance, and then proceeded to tell me that I had been the victim of a theft.

As she continued her revelations, even describing my assistant, the unfortunate book-keeper became more and more embarrassed and at last made a bolt for the door !

It was about this time that I paid a visit into the country one day and called upon a friend of mine with whom I had played as a child. She consented to come back to Paris with me as Mrs. Poiret, much to the astonishment of all my Parisian friends, who could not understand that I should actually prefer a *provincial* to their chic elegance !

They were mistaken, however, for my wife had a quiet beauty which soon glowed into astonishing depths with her new surroundings, and I took delight in creating new and original toilettes for her. At the first night of *Mineret* (for which I had designed the costumes), she created a sensation by wearing a turban I had designed, surmounted by an aigrette about a foot high. Such a thing had never before been seen in Paris. She was established, and the little Parisian girls laughed no longer.

After a while I found my business was outgrowing the premises, and I resolved to take another bold plunge. This time I hit upon the very risky plan of abandoning any shop-signs or window displays, and installing Poiret's in a private house.

And how the tongues wagged at this unheard-of innovation ! However, I persisted in spite of adverse criticism, my reputation continuing to grow, and soon I had received all the great ladies not only of Paris, but from London, too.

It was here one day that Mrs. Asquith came to see me—the famous Margot. She took my salon by storm, entering like a thunder-clap. Soon, to my gratification, she was in ecstasies over some of my creations, and exclaimed that she had never thought such beautiful clothes could be fashioned.

"Monsieur Poiret," she continued enthusiastically, "English women *must* know your dresses. I will help you to reveal them to us. You will have an assured success. I am going to organise a tea to which I shall invite my most elegant friends. Would you like to bring over your mannequins and dresses?"

I did not need a second invitation, and within a few days set off with a party of my mannequins, and a large selection of day and evening toilettes. This was crossing the Channel by a golden bridge ! When we arrived we were conducted in fine style to Downing Street and the Prime Minister himself—Mr. Asquith—looked in for a moment at our show and I was presented to him. The parade was an undoubted triumph, and I was very impressed by the elegant English audience who attended. But at seven that same evening we were suddenly packed off, "*sans* ceremony," to our hotel.

Several English newspapers had severely criticised Mr. Asquith for thus encouraging French trade ! But as for me, I was launched in London.

Back in Paris one fine spring day, wandering around the Champs Elysée, I discovered a marvellous old deserted house, with rambling garden, courtyard, and ancient façade, which immediately reminded me of the Palace of the Sleeping Beauty. Acting on impulse I went into the adjoining hotel and interviewed the concierge. Two days later I had signed a lease, repairing went on for three months, and then I moved in.

At first the audacity of a dress-maker who dared to break the traditions of the Rue de la Paix created a stir, but one month after opening this new establishment my war was won, and all Paris had visited my new quarters. In fact, after the opening day, such a stream of visitors poured in that I was forced in the end, to admit only those who intended to place definite orders.

One day a wealthy Baroness summoned me to the telephone to know if I would send over to her house, at two in the afternoon, my finest dresses and my most beautiful mannequins. As she was the richest of my clients, I consented to do this, and at the hour arranged a saleswoman left with a squadron of pretty girls, whom I instructed to come back as quickly as possible so as not to miss the afternoon parade at my house.

At half-past four they returned, heated, disordered, excited, and furious.

"Monsieur," the saleswoman burst out, "I must tell you what she has done to us, that you can write her a letter such as only *you* know how to write ! She made us parade in front of a lot of men who made unpleasant comments, and who understood nothing at all about your dresses, but were

(*Continued on page* 38)

A Mother wants Her Son

IT was a bitter day; the sharp east wind had driven the shop-gazers from the streets, and those people whose business it was to be abroad shivered despite thick coats and upturned collars. Scraps of dirty paper blew about the gutters, and every now and again gusts of hail rattled against tightly shut windows.

In any case there was little doing in the small town of Sandsea, which depended largely for its livelihood on summer visitors. Its one hotel was empty, with the exception of four or five permanent residents; the sands were deserted, the posters advertising excursions were torn and tattered, the notices of rooms and apartments looked out of place.

As if in defiance of the weather, a loud-speaker thrummed out dance music from a shop in the Regal Arcade. The proprietor sitting by a small gas fire was listening half-heartedly to the noise of jazz and the sexless monotony of crooners. Outside his shop three men stood sheltering from the wind and hail. One of them, a man of about forty-five, looked like a sailor. He wore an old suit of blue, which had seen much service, a pair of fairly serviceable black boots, a jersey, no overcoat, and a beret. He was a bearded, fine-looking man, with none of the slouch of the ordinary tramp, and when he spoke his voice was cultivated. Streaks of grey showed in his hair and beard, both of which were trimmed, and his eyes were blue. He was, in fact, a sailor, a sea tramp, and he was making his way to Plymouth. Autumn and winter he followed the sea, as a rule in small coasting vessels; in the summer he roved the roads. A poet, a handy man with his fists, a born wanderer. It was noticeable that he stood apart from the other two.

The second man was a bundle of rags, a coarse-looking man with a red, bloated face; a work-shy man who had spent most of his fifty years in doss houses, prison, and Salvation Army shelters. His strong red beard showed no signs of grey. One could see that at one time he had been well set up and passably good-looking. On the ground at his feet was a dirty canvas bag. He was just one of those hundreds of outcasts who were on the road year in, year out: a chicken stealer, a danger to hay ricks, under the lee of which he slept in the summer. Every now and then he stamped his feet because of the cold. At the moment he was in funds owing to a successful raid on the alms boxes of two small country churches.

The third man was of a different type, younger by perhaps ten years; foxy, thin, with shifty eyes. As a beggar he was fairly successful, frightening money out of old ladies, wheedling coppers out of servants, and working religion for all it was worth. He had received a good education, but had never been able to keep straight, and he started by robbing his mother of her savings.

As chance would have it, these three men of the road were in funds at the moment. The man who looked like a sailor had over eight pounds in his belt pocket, saved from his last pay; the tramp had thirty shillings and some coppers; and the ex-clerk, the shifty man, had two pounds odd.

The reasons for their being there sheltering in the arcade of this small seaside place were very different. The sailor always walked by the sea when he could. He liked the chance company of other men of the sea and could often pick up a free drink or a fill of tobacco in public houses near the sea. In addition to this, he was a bit of a dreamer and liked watching a sunset over the water and the flight of birds. He could do odd jobs, too, like making crab-pots, string nets, and baskets. The others were there making a detour away from the nearby market-town, where they were known to the local police.

The noise of the dance band ceased and the voice of the announcer was heard: "Before reading the weather and the news, here is one S.O.S. Will David Hind, last heard of fifteen years ago, call at the Cottage Hospital, Fullerbury, Oxfordshire, where his mother, Mrs. Hind, is dangerously ill."

This information, or request, was received by the three men in very different ways. Arthur O'Brien, the sailor, heard it and thought of his own mother, whom he had not seen for over twenty years. Some chord in his breast answered to the appeal. This woman cared for her son, desired, perhaps, to make up a quarrel or a misunderstanding. Suppose now he changed his plans, drew a bow at a venture, and went to the Cottage Hospital and called on this woman. It was a fantastic thought, but it stuck. Suppose he did go to see the woman. Fifteen years made a lot of difference in a man.

He smiled. All roads were the same to him, and the hail had ceased. Under cover of his coat he took out a penny, said, "Heads I go" to himself and, finding on opening his hand, the coin showed a head, he moved off. One never knew. Perhaps the poet in him was uppermost. He left the shelter of the arcade, looked at the sky, and started on his way.

The second man was a drifter. Anything sufficed to make up his mind, and he thought he might as well try his luck as not. It wasn't a bad road north-east into Oxfordshire. The Plymouth road was full this time of year anyhow, and one might as well try to tap this Mrs. Hind as anything else. He wouldn't pretend to be the son, but a friend of his. Once before he had had a bit of luck at this sort of game. He had begged money for a supposititious young man who was coming out of jail and wanted a start in the world. A thin story, but it had worked. A shave, maybe, an old coat and trousers, and he would look more respectable. It didn't matter to him which way he went so long as nobody asked him to do a job of work. As he started to go, the ferret-faced man stopped him. "Off mate?" he asked.

"Stopped; this mucky 'ail. I'm going to beat it."

"Did you hear that S.O.S., mate?"

"What if I did?"

"Don't get shirty. I often wonder who answers them S.O.S. things. Which way are you going?"

"My own blinking way."

"Social, aren't you? Got a fag on you?"

Illustrated by Bertram Prance

"I'm a cigar smoker," said the bloated man. "I'm off."

The man with the shifty eyes watched him go, pulled a packet of Woodbines out of his pocket, and lit one. "I wonder how far it is to this place, Fullerbury," he was thinking. "No harm done in trying. Might as well smell round."

He screwed up his face, thinking hard. "Make a good yarn, anyway. Might pitch on someone who was listening-in and beg for help to get to his

Long Complete Story by

Dion Clayton Calthrop

mother, that might do it? There was a house down the road about ten miles back where he might try. Fifteen years! A man might alter a lot in that time. A sick woman might take a fancy to a chap, even if she wasn't his mother. Might get a lift as far as Reading or Bournemouth with luck." He shivered. "No good hanging about in this one-horse place, anyhow! A meal, a good square meal of meat, was what he wanted."

He left the arcade and looked up and down the street. An old lady was coming towards him, struggling with a half-opened umbrella and a large parcel. He went forward swiftly, like a cat after a mouse. "Allow me, madam," he said.

He opened the umbrella for her, taking it out of her hand before she could speak. "Could you help me on my way home?" he asked. "I'm short of my fare and I've just heard on the wireless that my mother is dangerously ill. She lives in Oxfordshire," he explained.

"That is a long way," she said, peering at him with short-sighted eyes.

"A very long way, madam. I came here after a job, but the post had been filled. I spent nearly every penny I had in getting here, and the fact is I am very hungry and I must eat and then get to my mother somehow. I know I have no right to ask for your help, but I'm at my wits' end, and I am a stranger here, so I dared to ask. I could return you the money soon if you would give me your name and address."

She looked helplessly round, half frightened, half inclined to believe him.

"Forgive me, madam," he said. "I ought not to have asked you, but——" His voice broke. "It's my dear mother," he said falteringly.

She began to fumble in her bag for her purse.

"If it was only a few shillings to help me on my way," he urged.

She handed him a ten-shilling note, which she could ill afford. He took it eagerly, before she had time to think.

"Oh, madam," he said, "I shall be eternally grateful. It is things like this which makes one know there are still noble and generous people in this world. Forgive me, I must run for my train."

He was out of sight in a minute, leaving her no time to think. Before she had reached home, he was sitting down in a cheap restaurant, with steak and kidney pie on order and with a pint of stout before him.

The shifty, sly man saw his chance. "These persons are frauds," he cried.

The three adventurers set out on their gamble with Fate.

The sailor was a cheerful man, despite the hard life he had led. He was as much at home in Genoa as he was in Melbourne or Shanghai. He was a clean liver and a clean fighter, but he was full of that restlessness born in some men throughout the ages. Although he was world travelled, he regarded England as his home. He loved England, her green fields, trees, little villages, market towns, and when he put the sea behind him he often wondered why he ever left the country.

But he had no ties. Born in Liverpool, the son of an Irish cattle-drover and a lady's maid, he had shipped early in a cattle-boat bound for the Argentine. His father, when sober, was a man with a streak of the mystic in him, a believer in charms, but a brute. What possessed his mother to marry Pat O'Brien he never knew. She was a frail, rather affected creature, pretty in a way, a feckless creature. But Pat left the apology for a home with no great sinking of heart. The rows and fights on Saturday night, when his father came home drunk, the ill-kept house, and the sordidness of his early youth disgusted him.

He was by nature a refined man and not all the knocking about at home or in foreign ports had taken away his refinement. He read anything and everything he could lay hands on, and the least twist of fortune might have made him a writer.

He lacked the desire to get on in the world, preferring to remain an ordinary seaman, though he held a mate's ticket, to taking any kind of responsibility.

Something in the chance hearing of the wireless message had given him a desire to settle down. In his heart he knew it was a mad idea that sent him plodding along the road to Oxfordshire, but the strain of romance in him led him, as it often had, to see what might happen.

After the first day the weather cleared, the air became crisp and there were night frosts. It was early spring and the catkins hung on the hedges and there was a pleasant feel of rising sap. He slept two nights in barns, and two in cottages, paying his way, and two days he earned some money and free food tarring a fence. On the seventh day he arrived at his destination.

The second man, the genuine tramp, mouched along the road in an aimless way for lack of anything better to do. He was off his usual beat which was from London along the South Coast and he found some difficulty in keeping to his bearings until he fell in with another of his kind who was going to Birmingham. He had no settled plan but thought possibly he might hit a soft billet before he was found out.

Even if the bluff didn't work, the story might run to a shilling or two, a square meal and perhaps an easy job like sweeping up leaves. He knew the road: indeed his knowledge of English roads was remarkable and many a writer would have given a lot to have had his experience. He could tell at a glance what houses were likely to provide food, and what houses it were better to avoid. He knew every tramp's sign chalked up on gates or posts. He could almost smell a policeman afar off, and could generally read people's faces, knowing what kind of voice to use when he saw likely people. He knew when to whine, when to be bluff and hearty, when to simulate sickness. He loathed humanity as a whole, envied with hatred the prosperous and often wondered why he had been born. He had no real courage, and would steal from a child or a blind man.

This man was luckier than the sailor, being able to sneak a long night drive on the back of a furniture van going more or less in his direction.

Fate brought these three men to the Cottage Hospital within a few hours of each other. The sailor went straight on the road. The shifty man fell in with two others of his kind, spent three days at a race meeting, where his luck had certainly not been in, an unfriendly detective having advised him to be very careful. The tramp was only a few hours later.

Each man drew a blank at the Cottage Hospital, Mrs. Hind having made an extraordinary recovery, which had enabled her to be taken to her own home about six miles away.

All three were rather overawed by Mrs. Hind's house, a large Georgian brick house with an extensive garden and a long drive leading to the front door. The shifty man arrived first, just before lunch time. He rang the bell and the door was opened by an elderly butler. "Is Mrs. Hind at home?" asked the shifty man.

It so happened that Mrs. Hind chose that moment to cross the hall leaning on the arm of a maid.

"What do you want, my man?" she asked.

The shifty man, plucking up a very necessary courage, said he wished for a word or two in private. "Your son's affairs," he mentioned.

"Come this way," said Mrs. Hind.

The shifty man found himself in a small library, the maid, after making her mistress comfortable in a big armchair, was dismissed.

The shifty man found himself seated before a lady of about sixty. She had searching but humorous eyes, beautifully shaped hands on which several valuable rings sparkled.

"You wished to see me about my son? she asked.

"Have I changed so much?" He took a bold plunge and felt the waters to be icy.

"From what?" she asked.

"You don't recognise me, mother?"

She gave an almost imperceptible start. "You

(*Continued overleaf*)

CONTINUING A Mother *wants* Her Son

have altered a great deal, my boy," she said. "But my eyesight is not what it was."

He was grateful for that small mercy. "I have been very ill, terribly ill," he said. "Yellow fever. Now I have come home asking to be forgiven."

It was a bold move, but there was nothing else for it now he had gone so far.

"Why did you go away, my boy?"

That sounded better, but he disliked the quizzical smile on her lips.

"Adventure," he answered, beginning to wish he had not come.

She looked at him curiously, and he felt a sinking sensation at the pit of his stomach. He was trying to remember the penalty for false representation.

"Why did you not communicate with me or with Nora in all these years?" she asked.

"I was ashamed to."

The front door bell rang. "Stay here," she said. Then more kindly. "You must remember fifteen years is a long time and your coming as you do is rather a shock. Luncheon will be ready in a few minutes. We will talk at luncheon."

She left him standing, refusing the offer of his arm. Discretion urged him to go while the going was good, but something held him. At least he could have a free meal. But there were such things as telephones. She might ring for the police but, somehow, he felt she wouldn't. Perhaps he could get round her in some way. Perhaps she did really take him for her son.

He had not calculated on a large house and a butler, nor had he calculated on such a person as Mrs. Hind. A tight corner; he must make the best of it.

Meanwhile Mrs. Hind, with a smile on her lips, crossed the hall again, this time out of curiosity. The butler, with raised eyebrows, announced, "A person enquiring for you, ma'am. He refuses to go away."

"I will see him in the drawing-room, Perks. The other person will stay to lunch."

The tramp, twiddling his cap in nervous fingers was ushered into the drawing-room. One glance from Mrs. Hind as she passed him had almost frozen him stiff.

He had never before seen or imagined such a place as this big, light room with its masses of flowers, sofas, easy chairs, pictures. "I'm for it," he thought.

"You wished to see me?" said Mrs. Hind.

"S.O.S. mum," he stammered.

"Oh yes. Won't you sit down? You will be comfortable here near the fire. One would never have thought fifteen years would have made so much difference. You are my son, are you not?"

"Yes, lady."

"How you must have suffered," she said. "Tell me what have you been doing all this time?"

"Time!" he said involuntarily. "I haven't been doing time."

"I mean, all these years."

"Come down in the world, lady."

"Poor boy. Would you like a glass of sherry before lunch? I'll ring."

She went to the bell and his eyes followed. "Better own up quick," he thought.

She came back to him and touched his arm. "We shall be having lunch directly. I expect you are hungry."

"I've had a rough go lately," said the tramp. "Sleeping out—anywhere—barns—haystacks—anywhere."

"How dreadful!"

"S'awful," he said. "Perishin' cold, too—often. I've changed a lot, I expect. My life would change any man."

"It would roughen you, of course," she purred at him.

"I only dropped in for a minute like," he said in a husky voice. "Old times and all that. Got to be off now."

"But you must stay to lunch."

"Food goes against my stomach," he said. "I only just popped in like to see how you was."

"Were," she corrected.

"That's right, missus. "I'll be off if you'll excuse me. Got a friend waiting."

The butler entered with a decanter of sherry and two glasses. The tramp licked his lips unconsciously.

"Parks," said Mrs. Hind. "Lay another place."

"You must tell me more at lunch," said Mrs. Hind. "Not everyone can be successful you know. But you were always a wild boy."

"I've had me ups and downs," he said.

"One does, doesn't one," she replied smiling. "I've been very ill you know."

"You look in the pink now, lady," he said, pouring himself a second glass of sherry.

"A delightful expression. Now don't look so nervous, David. I quite realise your position, perhaps even better than you do. You feel strange and naturally. Fifteen years makes a lot of difference. But here you are once more; the same eyes, the same hair, even the same shyness. Roughing it makes such a difference."

"Ought to be going, mum." He looked wildly towards the door just as the butler announced: "Luncheon is served, madam."

Just as he said the words the door bell rang again.

"See who it is," said Mrs. Hind. "If it's a man show him into my boudoir. And see that this gentleman does not escape."

She smiled as she left the room, saying to Parks, "There may be an extra place again but no more."

Once in the hall she stopped. "Parks," she said, "There is no need for you to worry. I'm enjoying myself, but see that Hawkins and Barnes are within call. I should like them to be somewhere near the dining-room windows. Wait until I get to my room."

She mounted the stairs, holding on to the banisters, and arrived a little out of breath in her room.

Presently the butler announced. "A person to see you, ma'am."

"Well, David?"

The sailor looked at her and smiled. It was a frank, open smile and Mrs. Hind took to him at once.

"Sit down, David, and tell me all about it."

"I came here, Mrs. Hind, on the spur of the moment. I heard your message on the air by chance and I got a bee in my bonnet to come and see you. I'm a fraud."

"So am I," answered the old lady promptly. "I persuaded the doctor to send that message and he managed it for me somehow. I wasn't really very dangerously ill but I wanted to see my son. You must stay to lunch, of course. By the way are you a sailor?"

"I am that, madam. Best let me go, I'm just an adventurer and I'd no right to come. A bite of bread and cheese in the kitchen and a glass of beer is more than I deserve."

"You will take lunch with me," she said firmly.

"Honoured I'm sure," said he. "I'll take it as an order to dine with the captain."

"I might find some work for you," said Mrs. Hind. "However, I expect you are hungry. Let us go down to lunch. Give me your arm."

At the foot of the stairs Parks was waiting. "Send in the other persons, Parks."

"Very good, ma'am."

So the three met again.

◆ ◆ ◆

The sailor looked at the tramp, the tramp looked at the slippery man and the lady beamed on them all. "Quite a family party," she said.

The shifty sly man saw his chance. "These persons are frauds," he cried. "They have no right here."

"The lady knows I'm a fraud," said the sailor. "Shall I chuck him out, mam?"

The shifty man jumped up and was about to speak when the lady held up a hand. "Be seated," she said in tones of authority. "My men are within call. Parks, serve lunch."

Instantly the shifty man changed his tune. "It was this way, lady," he said. "We was down and outs, all three of us. . . ."

"Speak for yourself," said the sailor. "I wasn't down and out."

"I was," said the tramp speaking for the first time. "What's all the song and dance about? The lady offers us grub, let's 'ave grub. I'm not one to quarrel with me vittals." He began to drink soup noisily.

The shifty man tried again. "It's a joke, lady, that's all it is. No harm done and no offence taken I hope. If you were in my place you might have done just the same. A prank, that's all. I wouldn't deceive a child I wouldn't."

"You wouldn't," the lady agreed. Then hurriedly to the tramp. "That's a fish knife not a toothpick."

"I ain't used to all these fixin's," he said.

"Parks," said the lady. "Take this person away, give him some bread and cheese and a glass of beer and tell Hawkins to see him off the premises."

"Very good, ma'am," said the butler. "This way, my man."

The tramp rose, grinned at the sailor, took no notice of the shifty man and walked out.

"I shall not put you in charge," said the lady to the shifty man, "but I should advise you to be gone quickly. You may finish your cutlet."

"I've never had a chance, ma'm," he said. "If I could only get a start I'd go straight. It is no fun, I assure you, tramping the roads in all weathers. Won't you forgive me and help me?"

"You seem educated," she replied.

"I'm ashamed to say I kept bad company, ma'm," he said. "I got led away. I . . ."

"He's a bad egg, lady," said the sailor. "Don't trust him."

"Who are you to talk," said the shifty man angrily. "You came here to try to take in this good lady. A sailor! What ships have you ever been in I'd like to know? I can do secretarial work, ma'm. I'm willing to do anything."

The lady turned to her butler. "Give this person a shilling and tell Barnes to see him well off the premises."

"Charity!" said the shifty man. "Christian charity! Who wants your damned shilling anyhow?"

He left the room muttering.

"And now," said the lady to the sailor, "we have the room to ourselves. Tell me something about yourself."

"Well, lady," said the sailor, "I have followed the sea ever since I was a boy. I've had my chances and lost them, chucked them away as you might say. A rolling stone you'd call me. I've been in sail and steam and I've seen the world, and I've read books. I'm ready to go, lady, as soon as you like. I should like to apologise first."

"What really made you come here?" she asked.

He smiled. "You wouldn't understand me, not a lady like yourself. Sheer poetry, that's what it was."

"Perhaps I do understand," she answered gently.

"You see there I was standing sheltering from the bitter wind and suddenly that voice came out of the machine, the appeal of a mother begging her son to come home. It caught me, as you might say, by the throat. I'm getting on now in years and I just wondered, that's all. I never thought of a big house and a lady like yourself. I haven't seen my mother for twenty years."

"Do you want to?" she asked.

"I shouldn't know her and I doubt if she'd know me if she's alive," he answered. "But I've got a sort of hankering to settle down, lady. I thought to myself: If that woman needs her son maybe I'd do if he didn't turn up. I'm a handy man about the place and I thought I might fit in somehow. That's about all."

"My son ran away from home," said the lady. "I expect the fault was mine. We needn't go into that. He came home yesterday."

"Came home?"

"Yes."

"Then you knew all the time?"

"Yes. Wait. I, too, have a sense of poetry about me. When you three men called here I couldn't resist hearing what you had to say. Adventure doesn't often come the way of the sheltered like myself, we get it from books. The cigarettes are over there, smoke if you like. Now I have a proposal to make. This is a big house for me and there is a big garden. There is a room over the garage which is empty. There is work to do in the garden; there are boots and knives to clean, bits of painting to be done and my butler is getting old. And my son who has come home is an invalid. How does it strike you?"

"References, ma'am," he said, standing up and crushing out his cigarette. "I've got some but they give me away a bit. I'd like to serve you lady. I would—honest."

"My son takes his meals in his room at present. You had better see him. What is your name?"

"Patrick O'Brien, lady."

"Ring the bell, O'Brien, and Parks will take you upstairs."

When he had gone she sat for a while at the table. "I wonder," she thought, "if there isn't a streak of poetry in all of us. I liked that man."

Founder's Day at Harrow—for a boy to wear a straw hat at this function his father must pay £216 a year. Among those who have discarded the Harrovian boater for the Parliamentary bowler is Stanley Baldwin, Prime Minister.

Dare You Wear the Old School Tie?

The vexed question of whether a public school education is a help or a handicap in modern life is here posed impartially on the facts by

LEOPOLD SPERO

"TO one Public-School Education—say £1,300."

Confronted by this bill to-day, a parent may be told by one friend that he has "done the right thing by his son." Another friend may assure him that he has ruined the boy's prospects in life. . . .

Which of the two is right? The man who maintains that the modern world no longer wears or cares for the Old School Tie, or the man who persists in regarding it as a vitally essential article of apparel for the sons of the middle classes?

The world has become an uneasy place for the middle classes compared with what it was forty years ago. Economically, in the '90's they were strangers to care. The line dividing them from the aristocracy was a social line, just as rigid as that by which they divided themselves from the "working class." But they had no money worries. To-day, their economic position is often less secure than that of the skilled artisan.

They have to keep up appearances. And the income-tax inspector doesn't make them any allowances in respect of that luxury. Of all appearances which must be kept up, the one to which they cling most obstinately when they can least afford it, is that of sending their sons and daughters to the right school. Why do they do it? Is it merely a pathetic gesture after spacious days that are gone, never to return, or is there some sound sense in it?

Does it help their sons, or hinder them, for the parents to save and skimp in order to provide a public-school education for their offspring? Are the public schools adapting themselves to the new rhythm of modern life, or still running stagnantly in the old backwaters? Once they provided, in unlimited supply, the builders of a schoolboyish Empire. To-day, when the Empire exists, and has to be run on business lines, are the public schools turning out the right sort of man to run it?

If they are, then the skimping and saving will be worth while. If not, how pathetically futile the whole thing is!

Let us consider the life of the boy between the ages of 14 and 18 in a modern public school to-day. Never mind its name. We'll take one of the most modern—and most famous.

It occupies the vast mansion in which a duke bankrupted himself in order that he might fitly entertain his monarch. Not too good a beginning one might suppose. But no banquets are staged within those grey stone walls to-day. The regime is frugal, some would say Spartan. But the boys are happy and jolly, and some of them already look like making their way in the world.

Tom Browne and "Scud" East would have thought it rather effeminate to lie in bed until 7.15, which is the hour at which these lads are called. A porter goes round the dormitories ringing a bell for reveille. The waking hour is the same all the year.

They needn't get up then. So long as they're in Hall by a quarter to eight, all will be well. But there's sure to be a crush in the wash-rooms, so one may as well show a leg. . . .

From Hall they go to breakfast in their various House dining rooms. Porridge to begin with, always. Then bacon or eggs—never bacon *and* eggs—or tomatoes, or kippers or herrings. The fish is invariably good. The bacon is good enough. But most of the boys bring in fish-paste, jams, sauces and other allowable "extras," procured at their own expense.

Plenty of bread, plenty of good butter. Tea to drink, or milk. No beer nowadays, Tom Browne. Neither at breakfast nor at any other time.

In schools where the boys feed in two or three main dining-halls, and not in small houses, the catering is apt to err on the side of simplicity. Many a youngster arriving from a pampered "prep." for his first term at the school to which he has been so eagerly looking forward, suffers a sad disillusionment in the stomach at his first breakfast.

But there is always enough, and there is always the tuck shop. It can't matter so very much. The only thing is, it could be so much better. Good catering at any public school is a question of management rather than means.

Breakfast over, the boys have about 20 minutes to themselves, to read the papers or a favourite book. Newspapers are provided on weekdays, though there is one newspaper which very few public schools provide, and that is the official organ of the Labour Party. Some parents are beginning to make a fuss about this.

Fagging? Well, just a little. All boys in their first year, or below a certain form, have to take their turn, in the after-breakfast interval, at emptying the waste-paper baskets in the studies of monitors and prefects, washing-up plates and cups, and so forth. It comes round to each of them about four times a term. Not so terrible a hardship, dear madam, for the apple of your eye. Yes, we know he's not been used to it. But he'll learn. . .

Morning school will begin at 8.45 or 9.0. Four periods of three-quarters of an hour, with half an hour's break, taken up on some days by "physical jerks." Then a quarter of an hour at 12.45 to get ready for lunch.

"What do we have for lunch? Oh, meat to begin with. A joint always lasts three days—hot, cold and mince." (A certain cynicism is observable in the young critic's attitude. Perhaps he comes from an anti-hash home.) "We get potatoes—not too bad—and cabbage, with a few pine-needles by way of a change." (The pine-needles may or may not be mythical, but the school lies in wooded country.)

"Treacle or jam pudding . . . but you ought to taste their creamed rice. Now that really *is* good."

Strange how even the most indifferent school catering will produce at least one dish which awakens a romantic attachment in the heart of the boys—and who knows what tender sentiments in the hearts of Old Boys?

"Some days we have soup first, then the joint, then fresh apples or oranges. Not too bad. . . ."

Half an hour's stand-easy for after-lunch digestion, and it's time to change for games, which are compulsory. If you're feeling seedy, now is the opportunity to run upstairs to the house-matron for such comfort as she thinks you may deserve. She'll be young, hospital-trained, highly efficient. No comfort to malingerers.

Rugger in winter, cricket in summer. Squash, fives and tennis for the few and superior. Or if the playing-fields are too full up for the overflow, they'll go for a two-mile run.

Back to the school for wash and shower, and tea at 4.30—*not* compulsory. Bread and butter, cake, and an egg if you pay for it. Then class work again till half-past six, a short break, and prep. till 7.30, which is the supper-hour. Bacon, mince, kedgeree, egg-pie, bread and butter and marmalade, tea or milk to drink, and bring your own ketchup.

More prep. after supper—till 9.15 for the younger boys, 9.40 for the seniors. Monitors and prefects work in their tiny studies, two of these lords of creation to about eleven square feet of space. They can stay up till 11.30 if they like.

Wednesdays and Saturdays are half-holidays. No afternoon school, but a little extra chapel to make up. Sunday is the day for "miking," tempered by more chapel. But like the half-holidays, it is also the day for private hobbies. Anything from stamps and butterflies to home movies. Boys in 1936 are just the same as they were in 1896—some are old-fashioned, some are up to date.

The school has a movie-show of its own on every alternate Saturday. The polloi enjoy it. A critical few, Hollywood-bound, turn up their noses.

(*Continued on page* 15)

PLAN FOR SMOKING

An Offer to Sceptics

Smokers come within the Rothman circle by various means. Some are introduced by customers of long standing. Others have noticed our cigarettes at house parties where they do things well. A few arrive by sheer intuition. Occasionally an enquiring smoker writes to us in a frankly sceptical mood, and that is how we came to introduce our Ambassador Sampling Cabinet. It sums up, far more eloquently than anything we might say, the outstanding advantages of buying good cigarettes direct from the makers.

The Ambassador Cabinet contains 20 each of the five Virginia cigarettes most popular among our customers. Everyday favourites and really luxurious blends are included — standard size and outsize, cork-tipped and plain. One at least is likely to suit you to a nicety, and because there are no middle profits, the brand you prefer may be listed at a price as low as 3/10 a hundred. This Cabinet enables you to judge Rothmans cigarettes in your own way, and it is candidly a rather generous gesture at 4/9 post free. But if you would prefer to know more about the Rothman Plan before going any further, by all means send for illustrated book. PLAN FOR SMOKING explains how easily you can obtain your cigarettes and tobacco direct by post from the makers, in fresher condition and at prices that save you at least 4/– in the £. It lists a dozen first-rate brands available to you at wholesale prices, with the corresponding retail values which you can check for yourself. The coupon will bring you the book and the sampling cabinet, or the book alone — just as you wish. Post it to-day!

The Ambassador Sampling Cabinet
4/9

To ROTHMAN (FOLIO G9), PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.
Please send me by return your 64-page illustrated book PLAN FOR SMOKING.
★ *I also accept your introductory offer of one Ambassador Sampling Cabinet of 100 assorted Virginia Cigarettes at special price 4/9 post free, and enclose remittance.*
★ *Strike out if not required.*

NAME & ADDRESS .....

Rothman of Pall Mall

ARE YOU SPOILING YOUR CHANCES THIS WAY?

If you arrive at your work in the mornings feeling half asleep, if you have no "drive" and seem apathetic and dull, this almost certainly means you are suffering from "Night-Starvation." Your body needs nourishment even while you sleep — it burns up energy all night long. If this is not replaced, naturally you wake up tired — "Night-Starved," with insufficient energy to face the day.

Horlick's taken regularly at bedtime guards against "Night-Starvation" — builds new stores of energy in your body while you sleep. You wake up feeling alert and vigorous in mind and body, and stay fresh all day. Horlick's is light and easy to digest, and has a most fascinating taste. It is economical, too — the milk is in it, add water only. Prices from 2 -. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

This means you sleep soundly, wake refreshed, and have extra energy all day

Continuing . . . The Old School Tie?

What is the education? Well, what d'you want? Plenty of Latin still, but precious little Greek. Mathematics to taste, languages rather for the specialist.

But no nonsense over work in the labs. No more ragging about with unofficial explosions and unrequested gas-attacks of sulphuretted hydrogen. The schoolboy of 1936 takes his lab. work more seriously than anything else he does.

The masters have to be on their toes when dealing with any modern scientific subject. These keen young inquiring minds may not be so captious over conjugations. But when it comes to science, though they may still call it stinks, they want to know reasons.

In their personal cultural interests, too, they are very go-ahead. Their regular and attentive newspaper reading ensures this. Party politics are not encouraged, except that the Conservative Party is taken for granted. But most big public schools to-day have their branch of the League of Nations Union; a distinct sign of grace.

Debating societies, literary societies, film societies, gramophone and radio clubs. Most studies, and many co-operative prep. rooms, have their own wireless sets.

The boys are not pampered. Nevertheless, they are contented and fully occupied. (Perhaps contented because fully occupied.) This may account for the practically complete disappearance of bullying, which is definitely "out" as the big lout's pastime.

Bullying is, to-day, regarded as a gross interference with the busy routine of the school. If a small boy is too timid to hit back, he has only to go to his prefect, and the bully gets what is coming to him. There are no penalties nowadays for "sneaking" in such cases.

Well, now. . . . What does all this cost?

Eton is putting up her fees this spring, quite substantially. At present they are £230 per annum, clear of extras. With all proper economy, one could keep a boy at Eton on £450 a year. In the future, it will be nearer £500. Before the war, there were many dashing Etonians who spent a good deal more than that. They don't dash so much these days.

After Eton, comes Harrow, with fees listed at £216. Then Rugby, at £201, Winchester at £200, Stowe, at £189, Uppingham at £186, and Oundle, Radley and Shrewsbury, all at £180. Downside, near Bath, the Roman Catholic Eton, lists its fees at £175.

Most of the other Old School Tie Academies charge their boarders anything between £130 and £165 per annum. Many of them, however, take day boys. Eton doesn't, but Harrow does. Stowe won't, but Shrewsbury will. Harrow charges its day boys £90 a year, but Shrewsbury charges only £44. This is actually £1 per annum less than Dulwich or St. Paul's, which are primarily day schools, but take boarders at £135. Merchant Taylors', a day school in the heart of London until quite recently, has now moved out into Metroland as a boarding-school, but still has many day boys. Its fees are identical with those of St. Paul's and Dulwich, two schools which have always been in the same "group."

Westminster, charging £165 for boarders and £60 for day boys, is somewhat dearer. But all these schools, and many others, have an arrangement whereby boys can board during the week and go home for week-ends, an arrangement which parents seem to like.

Of course, the great thing would be to get your boy into the school where the fees for boarders are officially listed at "nil to £40." Wouldn't it?

Unfortunately, Christ's Hospital has snags attached to its tail. To begin with, your son will have to be fatherless. Secondly, he must belong to a church, service or high-grade professional family, preferably church. Thirdly, the yearly income of the widowed mother must not exceed £400. When these conditions are fulfilled, he may get a nomination for the next available vacancy, and the right to wear the long Blue Coat with its silver buckles and buttons, the yellow stockings and black brogues, and *no hat*.

Generally speaking, it will cost a parent between £250 and £300 a year to keep his boy at one of the great public schools in the United Kingdom. Here he will remain for five years, and £1,300 is by no means an excessive estimate of the total cost of his education during this period.

If he is a day boy, it will be on a different scale altogether. His fees for the year at a school like St. Paul's, with all extras included, should not exceed £55 or £60. On top of that, of course, you'll have to keep him at home. On the other hand, if he is a clever lad with the gift for piling up marks in examinations, he may not cost you anything at all. In fact, he may bring money into the home.

Many of the public day-schools, apart from the free places which they have to keep for scholarship boys sent up by the County Education authority in exchange for subsidies, are splendidly endowed, and offer scholarships which far exceed the cost of the boy's education. St. Paul's and the City of London are amongst the most generous in this respect.

Dulwich College, now immensely wealthy through the rise in the site value and rentals of the lands bequeathed by its not-so-pious founder, the Elizabethan actor-manager, Edward Alleyne, could probably afford a scholarship for every one of its 816 boys.

But apart from scholarships, a boy can get a truly magnificent public-school education if his parents put the education before the tie. Suppose, for example, that they live in Manchester. They can send him to the biggest and finest Grammar School in the world, and the fees will be only £10 a term.

Eton has 1,156 boys, and wins many scholarships at Oxford and Cambridge, and many a high post in the public services. Manchester Grammar School has 1,202 boys, and wins just as many 'Varsity scholarships, and nearly as many comfortable Government billets. Its sons go out into the world with a splendid equipment, to win positions like that of Lord Hewart, Lord Chief Justice of England.

The City of London School, on Victoria Embankment, was the Alma Mater of Lord Oxford and Asquith, and numbers men like Lord Chalmers and Lord Meston amongst its sons. It may not rank in the first flight of public-schooldom, but Old Citizens have cause to be proud of their red-and-black tie. Its fees are £32 a year.

Warwick School, the oldest in the Kingdom, founded over a thousand years ago, charges only from £15 to £18 a year. St. Olave's, at Tower Bridge, charges from ten guineas to £21. Wakefield Grammar School, with one of the wisest and most capable heads in the country, charges only £80 per annum for boarders, and £23 for day boys. Wyggeston, a huge and excellent school at Leicester, with nearly a thousand boys, puts its annual fees at a mere £19.

It does not follow, therefore, that the acquisition of an Old School Tie, even one of the "recognised," is necessarily an expensive matter. For the right people it can work out quite cheap. And what an investment it is!

For the Diplomatic Service and the Foreign Office, now united under the elegant Mr. Eden, not merely is a public-school education essential, but it must be an education at the right public school. Eton, of course, comes first. But Winchester is almost as useful. The motto of Winchester, bequeathed in the 14th century with so much else by shrewd old William of Wykeham, is "Manners Makyth Man." And manners are what count in the Diplomatic Service.

The prizes? Well, let's see. His Majesty's Envoy at Washington draws a salary of £15,500 a year, plus entertainment allowance. The Embassies at Paris, Berlin, Moscow and Tokyo are salaried respectively at £14,450, £7,800, £7,500 and £6,500 Not to be sniffed at.

In the Army, the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Archibald Montgomery-Massingberd, is an Old Carthusian. Most of the present Cabinet are either Harrovians, like the Prime Minister, or Etonians, like the Foreign Secretary. All the big Churchmen, the great lawyers, and most of the medical big-wigs, were at public schools. Not Lord Horder, however. He was educated privately, and at London University. He has managed pretty well without any Old School Tie.

And in many other walks of life, the big men never saw the inside of a public school at all. David Lloyd George received his education at Llanystymdwy Church Schools, in his native Carnarvonshire. Herbert George Wells attended a private school in Bromley. What kind of a school it was you can see for yourself in "Kipps" and other Wellsian romances.

William Maxwell Aitken, first Lord Beaverbrook, takes pride in the fact that he learnt all his lessons at the public board school in Newcastle, New Brunswick. Lord Nuffield attended the village school at Cowley, Oxford, where he built up his vast business. Sir Herbert Austin was at Rotherham Grammar School.

Lord Stanley, Emperor of the Underground, was educated in various United States colleges and technical schools. Sir Alan Cobham went to Wilson's Grammar School, in Camberwell. Sir Josiah Stamp, Chief of the L.M.S., got most of his education at home and at the London University Faculty of Economics and Political Science.

Prebendary Carlile, still vigorous in leadership at 89, was first an office boy in the City, then a prosperous young commercial man, before he went to the London College of Divinity and founded the Church Army. Jacob Epstein picked up most of his ideas about art on the sidewalks of New York. He attended no other schools that mattered. His brother sculptor, Sir William Reid Dick, studied art in Glasgow and London, not at any public school. So did Sir John Lavery.

George Lansbury attended various elementary day schools in the East End. Herbert Morrison, a future Prime Minister, left a London elementary school to be first an errand boy, then a shop assistant, then a telephone operator. George Bernard Shaw had some sort of schooling in Dublin, but it was all very vague and aimless. His mother taught him something about music, but he picked up everything else himself.

The unusual boy is not catered for, anyway, at the British public schools. They do produce boys who become unusual men, sometimes even in the usual kind of calling. But chiefly, they tend to exalt mediocrities into positions higher than they would otherwise have attained.

The first division of the Home Civil Service, the Indian Civil Service, the Colonial Service, all these are no longer the private preserve of the public school, as they were in the days before competitive examinations. But once a boy gets in, privately, the right tie is still going to help him quite a lot.

The same applies to many other walks of life; finance, for instance. Old Etonians are always welcomed in the City. Some of our leading bankers, it is true, may have picked up their knowledge in Levantine back alleys. But not the majority of them.

The great commercial houses, particularly those with big trade in the East, are even now inclined to insist that their young recruits shall have a public-school background. The big joint-stock banks take the same point of view, especially for posts out East.

The most prominent firms of solicitors and accountants like to have boys from public schools as prospective partners, though they will allow boys from less exalted educational spheres to do the real donkey work of the office at strictly limited salaries.

Jobs out East in rubber and tea and coffee planting, in tin mines and similar spheres where large squads of native labour are employed, are almost entirely reserved for the public-school boy. It is felt that he alone "knows how to keep the native in his place."

How long the native will be content to stay in the place appointed for him, is another matter entirely.

Yet somehow Lancashire and Yorkshire do not give a farthing rush-light for a public-school education in their textile industries. Nor do the great engineering shops of the North and the Midlands, or the collieries. It is here that the public-school boy has got to take his coat off and get down to it, and forget all the prejudices he has imbibed under the ivy-covered walls which resounded to the click of the willow, or the roaring cheers of rugger fans.

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SHORT SHORT STORY BY

Leslie Gordon BARNARD

OFFICE No. 779

He gazed at the magazine incredulously.

MCDONOUGH, coming up from the basement of the building in which he was employed, was halted by Jerrold, the superintendent.

"Busy?" inquired Jerrold.

"Not at the moment, sir."

"Well, I want you to go up and clean out 779. The old man there has left a terrible mess of papers and stuff behind him."

"Righto," said McDonough.

He stepped into the lift and a girl in trim olive-green shut the door. "Eighth, sweetheart," he grinned. On the eighth floor he walked along to 779, unlocked it with his master key, slipped the catch off the door, then stood for a moment looking at the name on the frosted glass—"Frederick A. Harrison"—remembering vaguely what the name connoted.

In a building like this, one could not remember many personalities, but this was an exception. McDonough, called in to help rearrange furniture one day, had not forgotten either the tenant's courtly manners, the generous tip or the atmosphere of the place. Insensitive as ordinarily he was, it had at least impressed McDonough. And now Harrison was dead. Distant relatives of a casual and youthful order had come and taken away what they felt was worth taking, and this mess . . .

He glanced about inside. A few books were scattered about the floor, along with cascades of papers, yellowed newspapers, periodicals so ancient they looked like quaint caricatures of a bygone day.

McDonough, feeling the place to be stuffy and unalive, went over and threw up both windows. They opened on a well; and leaning out he could see, seven stories down, the roof to the goods entrance filling in the square of this bricked, windowed enclosure.

"Hot day," McDonough communed with himself. "Terribly hot. Well, suppose I better go down and get a box or two and shovel up this junk."

He went out, whistling, leaving the door unlatched, almost bumping into a man who stood in the corridor and who seemed to be having difficulty in lighting a cigarette. McDonough apologised and went on down. His watch told him there was just time to get that stuff swept out before lunch. On the ground floor a man hailed him.

"Hullo, Mac. Listen, I've got a hot tip on the races for to-morrow."

"Busy," said McDonough. "See me this afternoon. Anyway, I'm off that stuff."

"Oh, rubbish. Look, here's the dope on it."

McDonough hestitated, then motioned the fellow to join him. They went down on to the stairs.

THE man in the corridor on the eighth floor had lit his cigarette before the lift door clicked behind McDonough. He stood holding the lighted match until the flame bit his fingers, then tossed it away. In other days he must have been a personable young fellow, but now neither his clothes, his manners, nor his eyes were quite right.

Presently, glancing up and down the corridor furtively, he stepped quickly to the door and turned the handle.

"Unlocked," he told himself softly, and entered. "That's one bit of luck."

He smiled a hard little smile. It had been luck his choosing this floor; the girl in olive-green in the lift had looked at him so directly that he was thrown off his aplomb.

"Floor, please?" she had inquired.

"Eighth."

The lift stopped; the lighted number of his floor showing. He got out. She did not for a moment close the door. He stood uncertainly.

"Could I help you? I mean—anybody specially you were looking for?"

"No, thanks. I'll find it all right."

Luck, of course, to find this empty office ready for him, as if prepared. He had cherished some vague idea of a fire-escape for the take-off. But this was better. Here he could, as it were, finally commune with his soul. He shivered, looking around the place. Some broken shelving crowded one corner. And on the floor was a litter of stuff—papers, letters, what not. He stepped over them and, going to a window, leaned out, peered down. The roof covering the goods entrance looked a long way down.

He began to walk about, to pace up and down, keeping away from the windows lest his restless movements be noticed from across the well. He smoked another cigarette, his fingers tense and nervous. His eyes caught headlines in a newspaper yellowed with age, and the inky scream of a gone day seemed less garish and sensational, as if now it didn't matter. To-night there would be headlines for himself. The paper lying there grew white before his eyes and the ink fresh. They would give him one column—two? "Once Prominent Broker Commits Suicide; Throws Himself from Eighth Story of City Office Building."

They would dig up his past history perhaps, or would he be dismissed with a brief paragraph or two? The Stock Exchange that once knew him knew him no more. He was through. Though he had played the game fairly himself, he had been involved with others in successive crashes, and the abyss had opened. He could only be glad there was no family, no near relatives even, to see his swift descent. For nearly five years he had been on the descent. Now, with the upward trend of things, others were finding rehabilitation, but the iron had entered into his soul, and he had no ambition, no morale left.

HE walked again to the window, looking down, hesitating, his pulses beating faster. His wrist-watch told him it was almost noon. He promised himself he would wait for the clock to strike. That should be his signal. He could not meanwhile keep still. Resuming his pacings, he paused before the pile of discarded newspapers. Oddly enough, some of the yellowing papers screamed sensational details of crashing markets; then his boot-tip unearthed another item from the heap of rubbish. For a moment he stood gazing at it incredulously; at its stiff cream cover laced with colours he had once worn. Unbelievingly, he picked up this magazine of his college. It seemed alien and impossible here. What was it doing here, this relic of the past? He had helped to canvass for those very advertisements—how many years ago? Sixteen? How old a man could get in sixteen years. He stared at the date, 1920!

There was a section near the front headed with a poem by T. Gladwell. He remembered Gladwell, a vigorous, fair-haired lad. The caption "Aftermath," bore a familiar, now too trite, subtitle, italicised, *"Lest We Forget."* And under it were names: graduates, undergraduates, alumni. . . . His eye ran down them, and one in the alumni column was carefully underlined in black ink "Major Arthur Frederick Harrison, Killed in Action, April, 1918, posthumously awarded D.S.O." Harrison—that was the name on the door. . . .

He turned the pages, his breath coming a little faster, the sickening thing within him altering to another and not less uneasy emotion. Why, there was old Pepper Thomas! To see the name was to conjure up a short gown flying in the winds, its ends invariably ragged as if a breathless pursuit of classical lore kept them so; was to hear again Pepper's dry wit, his even voice, his scathing or rarely praising tongue. The memorial tablet in the chapel had been unveiled that year. One after another had spoken, but Pepper's speech was quite the best. It held about three sentences, and one of these now survived—"The laurels of the dead should be the deeds of the living."

Old Pepper's eyes under that mortar board, above that twisted gown, stared at him; Pepper who had died in '29, Pepper who in this room could banish everything but his own presence, and his own words:

"The laurels of the dead should be the deeds of the living."

A queer, choking sound moved for a moment in the abandoned office. A moment later the place was empty again; a tallish man with a magazine under his arm was ringing the lift bell. It was the same operator who opened to him, trim and competent in her uniform of olive-green. She shot him a quick, appraising glance, and smiled.

"You found it all right?"

"Yes," he told her. "I found what I wanted."

McDonough, coming up from the stairway with a bet placed on what he hoped might be a winner, heard the clocks striking twelve and called off for lunch.

It was two minutes past one when the building superintendent came up to him in the entrance hall.

"Just been up to the eighth again," he said. "I thought I told you to get 779 cleared out."

"Yes, sir," said McDonough. "Just going up there, sir. Right on my way now."

The superintendent looked at McDonough.

"Next time I tell you to do a thing, do it at once," he said tartly, and passed on.

McDonough sighed, looking after him.

"Holy smoke!" he said. "What earthly difference could it make to anyone whether I swept that junk out before or after lunch?"

The ABSENCE of Mary Brantwood

MOLLY O'ROURKE happened to be in the casualty room when the case was brought in. Though one might have expected that three years in the onerous honorary position of Almoner at the Royal Edward Hospital would have hardened her, she felt an immediate spasm of pity as she gazed at the face of the girl lying on the stretcher. It was such a bonny, almost childish face. Yet the rosy pink of the cheeks and the sickly odour that came into the casualty room with the stretcher told Molly the nature of the case.

"Attempted suicide, Davies?" she asked the driver of the ambulance.

"Yes, miss."

Davies, like almost every unattached male in the Royal Edward Hospital, had a secret passion for Miss O'Rourke. It was not only the flaming auburn hair that attracted him, nor yet the deceptively innocent blue eyes, or the soft creamy complexion. Everyone knew that there was something different about Molly O'Rourke, something rather jolly and friendly, something very honest and straightforward.

And so Davies looked into her eyes with a wistful sigh as he added :

"They got her just in time."

"I'm very glad of that." Molly smiled at him. "Who is she?"

He looked at his notebook.

"Mary Brantwood, maid to Lady Margaret Eltonstone, Doughty Street."

"Poor kid!" said Molly softly. The unconscious girl was at least as old as herself. "She must have had a rotten time. Yet she looks peaceful enough now."

The house-surgeon on duty came bustling in, gazed at Miss O'Rourke for a moment, flushed unaccountably, then busied himself with the patient.

"She'll do, I think," he murmured. "C ward. Tell Sister she must be watched constantly in case she tries anything else."

Porters were preparing to remove her to the ward. The surgeon's examination had disturbed her, and she stirred restlessly as the stretcher was lifted on to a trolley. Her eyes opened, gazing vacantly around.

"I—I didn't do it," she muttered faintly. "I didn't do it."

"Of course you didn't!" Molly patted her cheek gently. "Don't you worry. You'll soon be quite all right."

Mary Brantwood's eyes closed again. Her trembling lips were still forming the words "I didn't do it" as the porters pushed the rubber-tyred trolley out of the casualty room.

Molly obtained the case-sheet she was wanting, and returned to her office a little way along the corridor. Sitting down at her desk, she busied herself with various reports. But soon she realised that her thoughts were wandering away from her work to the pretty childish face of Mary Brantwood.

Why should such a girl try to take her own life? Apparently she had quite a good situation, and her features were singularly free from lines of care or worry. Molly naturally had a fair experience of human nature; and though this prevented her from being dogmatic, she couldn't help thinking that Mary Brantwood did not appear at all a likely subject for suicide.

The girl had said "I didn't do it." Was it possible that she was referring to the supposed suicide? Was she meaning that she hadn't tried to kill herself, that the thing had been an accident?

Rather fantastic, perhaps. Yet the girl had meant something. And it was likely that her first thoughts on recovering consciousness would be a continuation of those in her mind before it ceased to function.

An unpleasant situation for Mary Brantwood. Hard luck to have the stigma of suicide attached to her if the gassing had, indeed, been accidental. Molly O'Rourke rose abruptly to her feet. In one way it was no business of hers; and yet she always liked to know as much as possible about the patients who were treated at the Royal Edward Hospital. Sooner or later she would have to make inquiries about Mary Brantwood's financial resources. It could do no harm to look into the matter straight away.

She took a taxi to Doughty Street and sent in her card. The soft-tooted butler who took it upstairs returned in a few moments to say that Lady Margaret would be down immediately.

"You have come about Mary—Miss Brantwood, I suppose, madam?" he hazarded respectfully. "Is she—all right?"

"I think she'll do quite well."

"I'm glad to hear that, madam. Very glad indeed. She's a nice girl, very sensible and level-headed. At least, she was—until she did this."

Molly watched the man and decided that she didn't like him much. He was rather too quiet in his movements, and there was a certain furtiveness in his expression that repelled her.

"Have you any idea why she tried to kill herself?" she asked.

"I haven't, madam. And neither has anyone else in the house. It was a great surprise to us all when we found her this morning."

"There's no chance, I suppose, that the thing was an accident?"

"Accident? Oh, no, madam! A very determined attempt, I should say. Newspapers stuffed underneath the door and all that kind of thing."

"I see," said Molly, feeling rather disappointed.

Lady Margaret Eltonstone came into the room, and the butler padded softly out. Lady Margaret was a woman of fifty who tried, with a considerable degree of success, to look thirty. The events of the morning had evidently upset her. In spite of her careful make-up, she looked worried and anxious.

"Such a terrible time we have had, Miss O'Rourke!" she said, glancing at the card in her hand. "Such a shock it was! But I suppose you people at the Hospital are used to this kind of thing. How is Brant?—I always called her that for short."

"The doctor says she will get better."

"I can't understand it. Most annoying business altogether. She was a good girl, suited me perfectly. And really good maids aren't easy to find."

"I don't think she'll be in hospital long," said Molly.

"But, my dear Miss O'Rourke, I couldn't take her back, not after that." Lady Margaret shivered. "Good gracious me, no! I should be on tenterhooks all the time, wondering if she was going to do something dreadful again. The silly girl! She seemed quite happy and cheerful yesterday, too, chattering away to me about her holiday. She was going away to-morrow for a month's holiday, Miss O'Rourke. Can you imagine it? And now this! She might at least have waited until I was out of the house. Don't you think so? But I suppose everyone who tries to commit suicide is more or less insane. Though what Brant had to make her insane, I can't think. Very ungrateful of her, I call it."

Pomeroy jumped and tackled him round the legs, bringing him to the floor with a thud.

"I've been wondering," said Molly, seizing the opportunity to get a word in, "whether she really did try to kill herself, or whether there's any chance of it being an accident."

"My dear Miss O'Rourke! If you'd seen that room of hers, obviously prepared! . . . The door which leads to my room locked, the door to the corridor also locked. The chimney and every crevice blocked with paper, and the gas stove turned on at full. Accident? Oh, no! There's no chance of that. And if it hadn't been for me there'd have been no chance for her. You might impress that fact on her, Miss O'Rourke, when you speak to her again. Tell her that she owes her life to me."

"You found her, did you?"

"I did. And you can imagine what the effect was on my nerves, which are none too good at any time. I didn't sleep very well last night. Towards morning, I grew restless—though, of course, I'm not pretending to any kind of telepathy; I was just wanting my morning tea. I heard the alarm go off in Brant's room and expected her to come in with my tea at any moment. After waiting a reasonable time, I assumed she had overslept and rang for her. There was no reply, so I rang the other bell.

"Sellars, the housemaid, answered it. I told her to waken Brant, and she discovered that the communicating door was locked. She went out into the corridor and found the other door locked too. When continued knocking brought no reply, I told her to fetch Greaves, the butler. Greaves, of course, has duplicate keys for all the locks in the house. He opened the door, and—well, there she was, with a smell of gas sufficient to sicken anyone."

"I see." Molly's blue eyes were wide and very thoughtful. She was startled. A curious time for anyone to commit suicide—just when discovery might be expected! Besides, that alarm . . . Her curiosity was roused, and she determined to discover all she could about the case. "You say she was starting her holidays to-morrow?" she asked.

"Yes. She was going north to some relatives in York."

"And what were you going to do without her, Lady Margaret?"

"What I always do when my maid is on holiday—go to the Battery Hotel at Folkestone. If you've never been there, I should advise you to try it."

"I will," agreed Molly absently. Her brain was working round that rather curious fact that had been brought to her notice.

"The house, I suppose, would be shut up, empty?"

"Yes."

It didn't seem to fit in at all.

"You can't suggest the slightest reason why Mary Brantwood should attempt suicide?"

"The only thing I can think of is, perhaps, some lovers' quarrel. She's engaged, you know."

"I didn't know."

"Oh, yes! My chauffeur. I haven't had him long. It was on her recommendation that I engaged him, and I must admit that he's been thoroughly satisfactory."

"I suppose you wouldn't care for me to see him?" murmured Molly.

"Why not?" Lady Margaret rang the bell; and when the butler appeared: "Tell Sibley I want him, Greaves."

"Yes, madam."

Shortly afterwards the butler returned with a handsome young man, very smart in his chauffeur's uniform.

"This is Miss O'Rourke, Sibley," said Lady Margaret. "She has just come from the hospital and tells me that Brant will soon be better. You'll be glad to hear that."

"Oh, I am, madam!" Intense relief showed on the young fellow's handsome features. "Very glad, indeed!"

"I was sure you would be. Miss O'Rourke wanted to see you."

"Yes, madam."

Sibley turned towards Molly. Molly smiled at him kindly.

"I only wanted to know," she said, "if you could give us any idea why Mary did this thing?"

"I—I——" The young man was obviously confused. "I'm afraid I can't."

"Are you sure, Sibley?" snapped Lady Margaret. "Are you telling the truth?"

"Well, I—Oh, I don't like to think that—But we did have a bit of a tiff last night."

"You quarrelled?"

"It was something and nothing, madam. Just about another girl. I quite thought we'd made it up. And then this morning, I couldn't help wondering——"

"Are you sure it was nothing serious, Sibley?"

"Absolutely, madam."

"Is there anything else you want to ask him, Miss O'Rourke?"

COMPLETE STORY BY

Frank KING

"No," said Molly thoughtfully. "Nothing more, thank you."

"Very well. That will do, Sibley. We leave for Folkestone about three."

"Yes, madam."

"You'll see about the luggage, Greaves."

"Of course, madam." The butler hesitated. "Shall I require the key of the safe in your bedroom?"

"Certainly not. You know perfectly well that I never take my jewels to an hotel."

"I beg your pardon, madam. I'd forgotten."

The butler made a dignified exit with the chauffeur. Lady Margaret looked at Molly.

"I think we have the reason now, Miss O'Rourke," she said. "The silly girl evidently took a lovers' tiff seriously. Is there anything more I can do for you?"

Molly did not reply for a while. She was feeling very uneasy, very worried. This business was growing more horrible every moment. It was no affair of hers, of course, but she felt that she must try to make sure whether the distressing thoughts that had occurred to her held any basis of truth.

"I wonder," she said suddenly, "if I might see the room where—where this thing happened?"

Lady Margaret looked surprised. "There's no reason why you shouldn't, I suppose," she said, doubtfully. "I don't quite know the correct procedure in these cases. We've left the room untouched in case the police—but I suppose there'll be nothing like that now."

"She'll probably be charged with attempted suicide," said Molly. "Unless——" She hesitated. "Anyhow, I'd like to see the room, if you don't mind."

"Very well." Lady Margaret led the way upstairs. "This is my bedroom," as they passed a half-open door. "And this is where Brant slept. It's really only a dressing-room," she explained, opening the door. "But I liked to have her near me."

Molly stood looking round the small room which still held a faint sickly odour of coal gas. The window had been opened wide, of course; and through it she could see Sibley, the chauffeur, busy with his car in the yard below.

As both the butler and Lady Margaret herself had emphasised, cracks at the bottom of both doors had been stopped up with newspaper. The folded wad which had been placed at the bottom of the door opening from the corridor had, of course, been pushed aside when the door was opened. Molly inadvertently kicked it as she moved across the room. Something fell from the folds on to the floor.

A curious hardness appeared in her eyes as she stooped to pick up the tiny object. It was a flat piece of red rubber, oval shaped, measuring less than an inch on its longest axis. Curious that so small a thing could indicate so great a depravity of human nature, could prove conclusively that her worst suspicions were justified.

Molly's eyes remained hard as she thanked Lady Margaret and left the house. Not until she had reached the hospital and sought out the house-surgeon did they soften at all.

"Will you do something for me, Doctor Forest?" she asked.

"Why, of course, Miss O'Rourke. Anything at all. What is it?"

The young surgeon looked rather disappointed when Molly told him what she wanted, but he promised to carry out her wishes at once. She went along to her office, where she sat gazing at the papers on her desk.

It seemed impossible. It was so cruel, so utterly heartless. Molly tried her hardest to think of any other explanation, but failed to satisfy herself. And when, about an hour later, she received Doctor Forest's note, she knew that she was right.

The note was very brief:

"*The blood shows definite signs of di-ethyl-barbituric acid. Quite a big dose must have been administered.*"

There was no doubt about it, then. Molly sat for quite a while, wondering what she should do. Then she picked up the telephone and dialled Whitehall 1212.

"Will you take me out to lunch to-day, Pom-pom?" she asked, as soon as she had got the person she wanted.

"You bet I will!" came the eager reply. "Where's it to be? The Colossal?"

(*Continued on page* 20)

CONTINUING The Absence *of Mary Brantwood*

"Yes, that will do. Shall I meet you in the lounge, one-ish?"

"Okay. But I say, Molly——"

"I've a lot to talk to you about. But not now."

Molly hung up and tried to concentrate on her work.

The crowded noisy restaurant of the Colossal Hotel is perhaps not the best place in which to hold a confidential conversation. Yet it has this advantage: there is so much laughing and chattering, such a clatter of plates and popping of corks that even the music of the excellent orchestra is drowned, and no one can possibly overhear anything that passes between two people who care to put their heads fairly close together.

Detective-Inspector Frank Pomeroy looked troubled. He was one of Miss O'Rourke's best friends, a straight, decent-living young fellow, very keen on his work, and perhaps equally keen on Molly. He had listened carefully to her excited, rather involved description of the morning's proceedings, and his pleasant face held a trace of grimness when she finished.

"It's a rotten trick," he muttered. "Foul! But I don't see that we can do anything about it. These things you've told me could never be accepted as proof against anyone."

"Oh, Pom-pom," sighed Molly. "You're such an unimaginative lot. You always want proof."

"It isn't we who want it," smiled Pomeroy. "Evidently you're not aware that in this country there is an antiquated system known as trial by jury."

"Oh, I know all about that. And I know perfectly well that nothing can be done officially. But listen, Pom-pom! Even you must see that there's something behind all this. And I've got a plan."

"Tell me."

"Well, now, suppose you and I . . ."

Detective-Inspector Pomeroy's pleasant features showed gradually increasing disapproval as he listened to Molly's excited voice. When she stopped for breath, he shook his head emphatically.

"Can't be done," he said.

"But it must be done! You don't mean to say that you're going to allow this crime to be committed without taking any——"

"Of course not. We shall take steps to see that the crime is not committed."

"But that won't be any good. You won't catch the criminal."

"I know. On the other hand, we're not sure that any crime is contem——"

"Don't talk rubbish, Pom-pom. It's perfectly clear to anyone with a grain of intelligence that the whole thing has been engineered for this one particular purpose." Molly pouted. "I thought you'd be so ready to help me."

"I am ready. I'd do anything for you, and you know it. But I can't——"

"Very well, then. I'll have to do it myself."

"You mustn't, Molly!"

"Why not?"

"Well, for one thing, it's too dangerous."

"That's just where I thought you'd come in," murmured Molly, demurely.

"But, hang it all——" Detective-Inspector caught a twinkle in the blue eyes across the table and capitulated. "Oh, all right! Have it your own way. But you'll get me sacked before you've finished."

So late that night, Molly O'Rourke stepped from a taxi with her companion, and approached the environs of Doughty Street on foot. It was after midnight and very few people were about. They came to the yard at the back of Lady Margaret Eltonstone's house, and slipped into it confident that no one had observed them.

Though a light showed here and there in the back of the house, the yard was dark. Molly led the way across it to a small outhouse in which, judging by the smell, the children of the next house kept rabbits and white mice.

"Here we are," she whispered. "Give me a leg up."

"You'd better let me go first."

"Don't be silly. I'll wait for you."

Grumbling a little, the inspector helped her to climb to the roof of the outhouse. This was accomplished without any difficulty, and he followed easily enough, using the window as a step.

On the rather steeply sloping roof, they had to move carefully in the darkness. Above them yawned a black opening, the window of Mary Brantwood's room.

"It will have been fastened again," murmured Pomeroy, holding her arm as he passed. "Just a minute while I see."

He fiddled about in the darkness for a while with a knife. Soon there was a tiny click as the window catch slipped back, the faintest of creaks as he gently raised the sash.

"Still determined to carry on?" he whispered.

"Of course."

"Right. I'll help you in. You realise, I hope, that you're committing burglary?"

Molly chuckled. "Rather thrilling, isn't it?"

In a few moments they stood together inside Mary Brantwood's room. Pomeroy silently closed the window and refastened it. Then Molly took his hand and led him through the blackness towards the door communicating with Lady Margaret's room.

This was not fastened. They passed through.

"Where is it?" asked Pomeroy then.

"I haven't the faintest idea. But I'm sure it's in here. We'll have to wait."

"We'll look nice if no one turns up," grumbled the inspector.

"Don't be stupid, Pom-pom! Someone will turn up. Where shall we hide?"

The window blind was down, and Pomeroy risked a flash of his torch. The light disclosed an old-fashioned room with heavy cumbrous furniture, including a bed with curtains at its head.

"I think we'd better get behind those curtains," he replied.

"All right," agreed Molly. "I suppose we can talk for a while yet?"

"Better not, I think. Remember that there are other people in the house. I've no desire to be caught here."

They took up their positions behind the curtains at the head of the bed and were silent. Molly guessed that they might have a long wait, but she was thrilling with excitement, and told herself that this didn't matter. As the slow minutes crept by, however, she grew more and more uncomfortable. She wanted to stand on one foot, then she wanted to stand on the other. Little places in different parts of her body started to tickle. Once she was frightened she was going to sneeze, but the feeling passed. She really kept remarkably quiet.

As for her companion, she could not distinguish even the slightest indication of his existence. Once or twice confused voices sounded vaguely in distant parts of the house, but no one came along the corridor. And eventually nothing could be distinguished but the muffled sound of traffic outside.

Well over an hour had gone by when Molly suddenly started. A noise from the next room had caught her straining ear, faint but unmistakable, the tiny click as the latch of the window was slipped back.

"He's coming now, Pom-pom!" she whispered urgently.

"Shut up!" breathed Pomeroy rudely. "Not a sound."

Molly stood rigid. She scarcely dared to breathe. Little scuffling noises came from the next room and she knew that someone had climbed in through the window. After a few moments, the latch of the communicating door creaked ever so gently.

And now she could hear the rather heavy breathing of someone who stood quite close to her. She was startled as a beam of light suddenly stabbed the darkness, just missing the curtain behind which she was hidden. The bright circle travelled slowly round the room, coming to rest eventually upon a picture opposite the bed.

The circle grew smaller as the holder of the torch moved towards the picture. A hand came into the area of illumination and fumbled with the picture. Very soon, this swung aside, disclosing the brightly plated door of a small safe let into the wall.

The hand disappeared into the darkness, returning a moment later with a key which it inserted into the lock. At this moment, Detective-Inspector Pomeroy acted.

There was a sharp click and the room was flooded with light. The man by the safe turned with a sudden growl.

"Well, well!" exclaimed Pomeroy. "If it isn't Handsome Harry! Fancy meeting you again! Are you coming quietly?"

The man made a sudden dash for the door. Pomeroy jumped and tackled him round the legs, flinging him to the floor with a thud. There was a short sharp struggle, which ended with the metallic snap of handcuffs.

"You see, the whole thing had been planned out beforehand," Molly explained to Lady Margaret, who had been brought back from Folkestone. "He knew that you were going away, and that your jewels would be in the safe to-night. If he could think of some way of getting rid of Mary Brantwood it would be easy for him to enter the house through her room. After to-night, of course, the thing would be much more difficult. The house would be closed completely, with all the windows shuttered, and the police, presumably notified that it was empty, keeping a particular eye on it.

"I don't think he intended to kill Mary. If he had done, he would have acted earlier in the night. But he took a terrible risk all the same. He doped her, you see, putting some sleeping tablets into a drink. Then, early in the morning, he climbed in through her window, stuffed the newspapers round about, and locked the doors to give the impression of suicide. Having turned the gas stove on, he climbed back through the window. Nobody noticed this morning, of course, that the window was unfastened."

"Good gracious!" Lady Margaret looked most indignant. "To think that I've been harbouring a notorious jewel thief in my house—and the police knew nothing about it. He would have got my jewels, too, Miss O'Rourke, if it hadn't been for you. Believe me, I'm very grateful. Though, even now, I can't understand how you managed to find out the truth."

"I think, perhaps, I was lucky," admitted Molly. "When I came here yesterday morning, I'd already half an idea that Mary hadn't tried to commit suicide. And when you told me the circumstances in which you'd found her, that half idea grew into a whole one—nearly. You see, if I'd wanted to gas myself, I shouldn't do it in the morning when there was every chance that I should be discovered within an hour or two. Moreover, I shouldn't wind up my alarm clock."

"I never thought of that." Lady Margaret was impressed. "It sounds simple now you . . . But how on earth did you guess the reason for this attack on her? And how did you know it was that chauffeur person?"

"Well, in the first place, he was the only one to give us a reason for Mary trying to kill herself. As I'd already come to the conclusion that she hadn't done this, it sounded very suspicious to me. Then, you know, I found in that newspaper upstairs a patch for repairing punctures. As the papers had—according to my theory—been brought in from somewhere outside, that, again, suggested the chauffeur. And when I came to think it out, it seemed very clear to me that he'd deliberately made her acquaintance, and got himself installed in this household for some definite purpose of his own. I realised that, for this one night, your jewels would be left more or less unguarded.

"After a good deal of trouble, I managed to persuade my friend, Detective-Inspector Pomeroy, of Scotland Yard, to put my theory to the test, and thus catch the man redhanded. He is, as you say, a well-known jewel thief. Clever, too. Because, if his scheme had worked, he'd have had an excellent alibi—he motored back from Folkestone in a hired car during the night, you know—and in all probability the theft would not have been discovered until you returned to Doughty Street in a month's time."

"Clever he may have been," said Lady Margaret grimly. "But not so clever, I think, as you. I wonder, Miss O'Rourke, if there is anything I could do to show my gratitude."

Molly dimpled. "There is one thing, Lady Margaret."

"Well?"

"Take Mary Brantwood back. We can't blame her for what has happened. I'm quite sure she'd no idea that her lover had taken an impression of your safe key while it was in her possession. And she'll have a pretty rough time when she knows how false he was."

"I'll take her back, of course. As soon as she's fit to come. Poor Brant! Does she know yet?"

"No. I'm going along to tell her now. I'm not looking forward to it." Molly's red lips quivered a little. "But—well, it's part of an Almoner's duty, you know."

Laughter

The "PASSING SHOW" Smile Section

"That man upstairs is ruining our ceiling with his 'cello."

"And another thing, Miss Smythe—stop putting tea-leaves down the sink."

Trainer : "Certainly not ! I don't care if they haven't been down this end all the afternoon—you can't go to tea."

"But I like it of you, Bill. Do go in and ask them for a copy of it for me."

A MAN EXPOSED

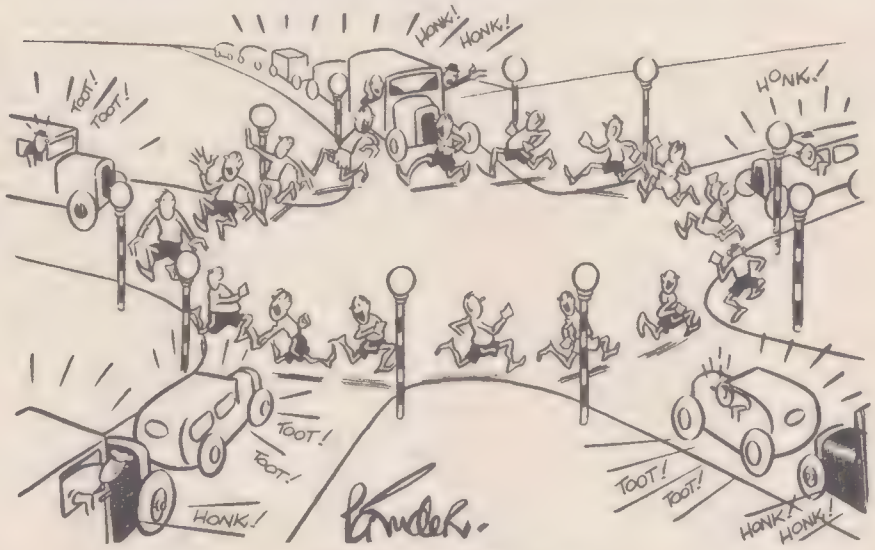
By A. C. BARRETT

"Soft centres?"

"Perhaps we'd better try a smaller size, Mr. Ferbus?"

Repertory Actor: " 'Julius Caesar's ' to-morrow night, you fool !"

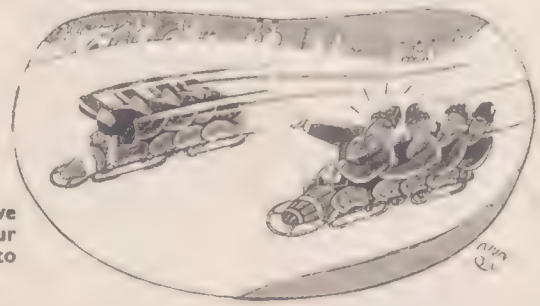
"Would you mind postponing your lunch till I've finished the window, sir?"



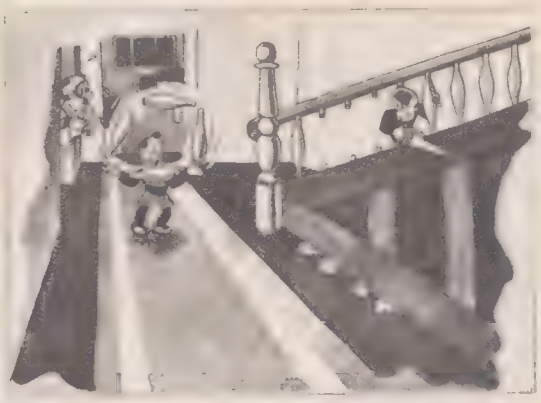
The Harriers' Revenge

Hopeful burglar (leaving house): "Tut! Tut! That's one more to the population of London. Muvver and daughter doing well."

LAUGH WITH THE WORLD

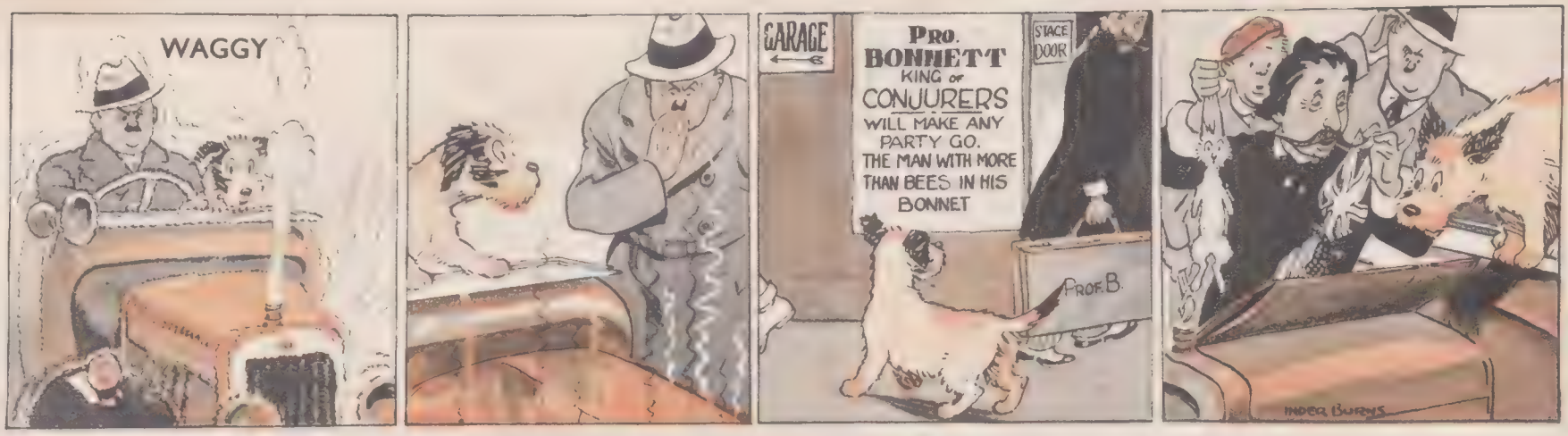


Leader: "No wonder we can't get away with it! Your outstanding ears won't fit into the streamline."
Lustige Blätter, Berlin.



"Saw me another one, Fritz; I can manage four already." *Kölnische Illustrierte*, Cologne.

"Oh, heavens! I do wish I hadn't forgotten my spectacles." *Smith's Weekly*, Sydney.



Take a tip about a tip
From wot occurred at Bards—
I slipped a bob
To some swell nob
Wot's colonel in the Guards!

"You haven't, by any chance, seen a forest-bred African lion pass this way?"

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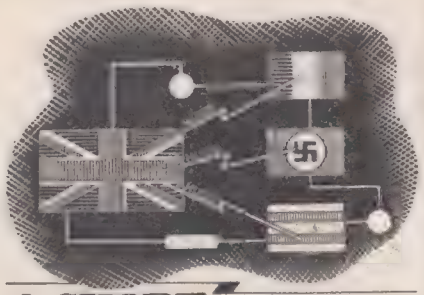

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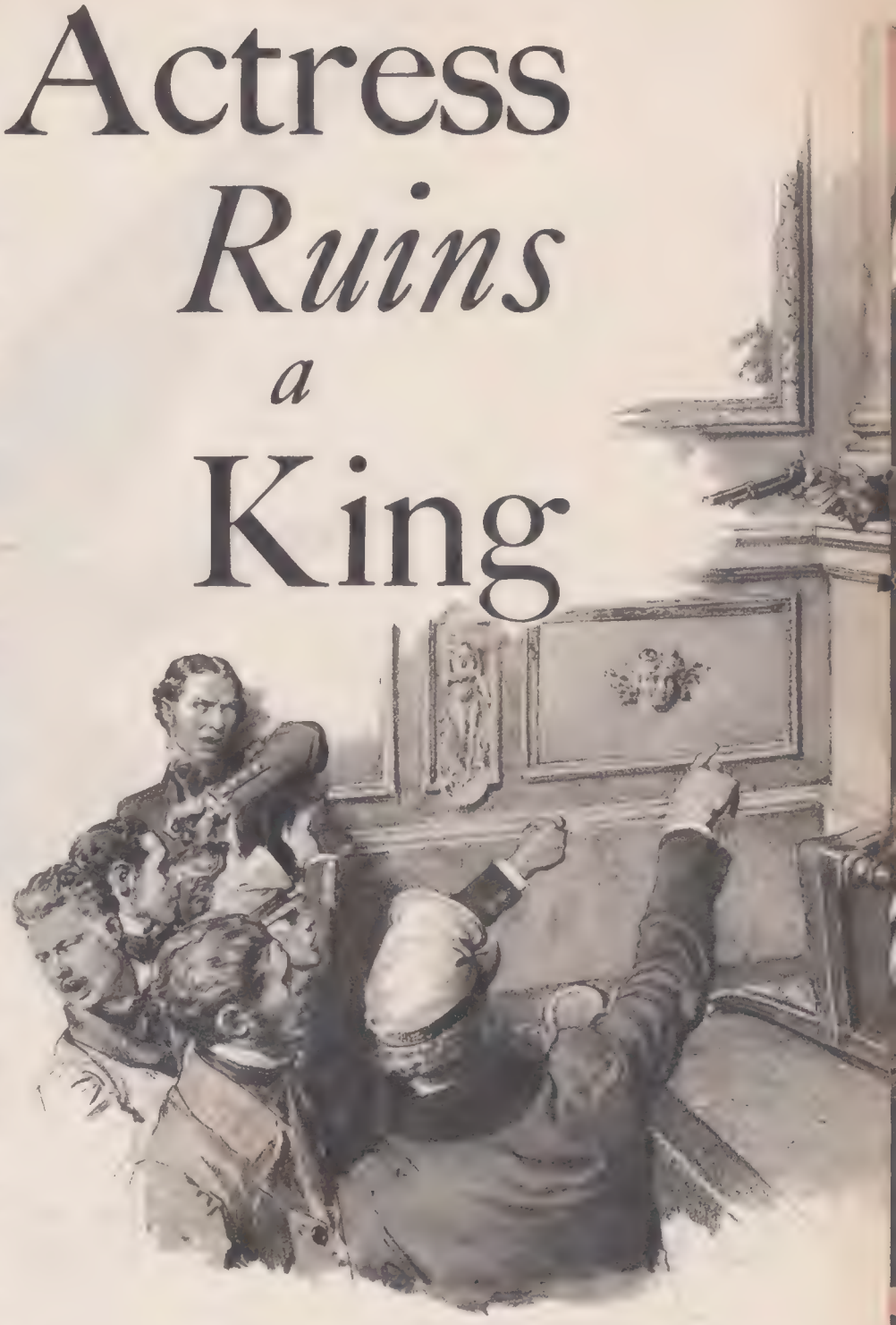
An Actress *Ruins a* King



CONCLUDING

Unlike Other Ladies

by MARJORIE BOWEN

A TALL man, fashionably dressed, was hastening along the side streets of Munich under the cold rain of March; he did not pause until he reached a fine house near the palace. There he beat frantically on the door and as soon as the ornately liveried footman opened to him, he exclaimed:

"Tell the Countess of Landsfeldt that there is a riot at the University—which is spreading over the entire city!"

As the servant hesitated, a voice from behind him said, "Come in, Prince Wallerstein, and tell me about this riot——"

The footman stood aside and the Prince entered the handsome entrance hall to face a lady and a huge bulldog who stood at the foot of the gilt stairs; the woman held a large riding whip and the animal showed his teeth in a surly growl.

"A riot!" repeated the lady. "We will soon put a stop to that!"

She motioned her visitor into a tall *salon* furnished in red velvet and gilt with a coronet in every available place and lined with plate-glass mirrors that reflected again and again the figure of the Countess of Landsfeldt as she stood erect, fondling her whip with her snarling bulldog at her side.

"It is not so easily dismissed," said Prince Wallerstein, breathing hard. "I could not even get to my carriage—I had to hurry here by the side streets—a riot! I fear that it is a revolution!"

"Ah, those meddling Jesuits again!" exclaimed the Countess contemptuously; then, in English, to the dog: "I wish I could set you at their throats, one after the other, Jack!"

"Madame," said Prince Wallerstein, "it is not the Jesuits—it is the people—they demand your departure from Bavaria—at once——"

"You dare to tell me that! Are you not my creature! Did I not put you in power, make you head of the ministry when that fool, Von Obel, opposed me?"

"Whatever you did," replied the Minister coldly, "I am acting as your friend, Madame, when I advise you to leave Munich secretly and at once."

"Never! What does the King say?"

"His Majesty says that he would rather lose his crown than part with his beautiful Lolette"—Prince Wallerstein bowed ironically—"but since, without a crown, he would be of no use to either of us——"

The Countess interrupted fiercely:

"What is this riot? What do the students want?"

"It is your association, as you term it, Madame—it was most imprudent of you to try to force that upon the University—your professors are termed 'creatures of the creature'—and hustled out of every classroom. There were swords and pistols out to-day and one of your men has been arrested——"

"I'll see to that!" cried the Countess, and the Minister who hated and despised her could not deny her a tribute of admiration as she stood there in her black riding habit with her long green veil flung back from her pale face, her marvellous eyes of lavender blue, her masses of ebony-coloured hair.

"I was going riding," she said. "I can go to the University as well as anywhere else!"

"I beseech you, you will be pulled off your horse and maltreated!"

"Very well, I will drive, and then Jack can come too!"

She swept from the room, the bulldog waddling at her long skirts, while Wallerstein stared after her, fingering his chin in perplexity.

Who was she, this beautiful, violent tempered woman who had ruled Bavaria for a year. To whom the King had granted a title, a magnificent house, a large pension?

Wallerstein, who owed his position to the caprice of the King's mistress, did not know anything about her beyond that she was English and that, under the name of Lola Montez, she had appeared at the Opera in Munich and from the first moment that she had tripped on the boards in her gauze and spangles she had enchanted him; five days after he had first seen her he had presented her to his court as "his best friend." Wallerstein watched the Countess drive away from her handsome gates.

"Well, she certainly has courage," he said to himself. "But, all the same, she must go, even if the King goes with her."

The Countess drove as near as possible to the University, then, when the threatening crowds impeded the frightened horses she leaped out, cleared a way for herself by flourishing her whip and gained a small side gate into the gardens of the University, the lumbering bulldog at her heels.

Hastening to a private door in the stately building, Lola Montez, as the people of Munich still called the Countess of Landsfeldt, thundered on it with the butt end of her whip; when an alarmed usher opened to her, she sent the old man sprawling with a sound box on the ears and sprang past him as Jack, the bulldog, jumped over his fallen body.

The harsh sounds of a violent tumult guided the lady to the great hall or *Aula* where the students, tutors and professors of the University were gathered in a close press, while on the rostrum of the lecture theatre, protected by a guard of armed police, cowered the unhappy twenty scholars elected and endowed by the Countess; these tried to crush out of sight the scarlet caps and gowns that were the badges of their patroness.

"Cowards!" shrieked Lola Montez, and leaped before them all to the reading desk that dominated the hall.

She was about thirty years of age and in her way a perfect creature, with the supple, agile body of a dancer and horsewoman, the clear-cut loveliness of a fabled goddess and the flashing ardour of a fury in her cloudy blue eyes and curling coral mouth.

Her attire was also strange to the Bavarians—it was a theatrical version of an English gentlewoman's hunting outfit; the bulldog and the whip were also strange and sinister details to the fascinated professors and students.

"Go back to your work," commanded

She snatched a pistol and, turning snarply, fired it into the crowded hall.

Illustrated by Fortunino Matania

Lola, her hand on her hip. "The King will not take any notice of what you say against me. I have come here to introduce reforms into Bavaria. I do not mean to be frightened."

Her words, spoken with a ringing English accent, held the startled and bewildered crowd silent, save for some uneasy muttering here and there; it seemed as if she had overawed them and she was about to turn away in contemptuous triumph through the private door by which she had entered—when an English voice cried out loudly :

"It is only Betty James who was hissed off the stage of Her Majesty's a few years ago because she couldn't dance !"

A great burst of laughter and catcalls broke out from such students who understood English, and Lola, turning to face them all, screamed out in her native tongue :

"Come forward, you ugly liar, and I'll horsewhip you !"

A tall young man pushed and struggled his way to the platform, answering loudly :

"Get out of Munich, Betty James, or Mary Elisa Gilbert, or whatever your name is—I know you, I remember your divorce in '42, I remember you in Paris when everyone said you couldn't dance !"

"I'm sick of being told I can't dance !" cried Lola, raising her horsewhip.

The young man jumped up beside her and held her wrist, while he shouted to the struggling mass of men below.

"In Paris she used to take off her clothes and throw them into the audience—but no one troubled with her, even when she had nothing on but her garters !"

The platform was stormed; two men held the collar of the bulldog while others helped the young English tutor to force the struggling Lola out of the building. An unexpected diversion, however, caused them to fall into a muttering silence and to release the lady and her bulldog.

"The King—the King," went round the room as a tall, lean figure thrust through the crowd, making frantic gestures towards the platform.

Ludwig of Bavaria, with his brilliant eyes, harsh features, haughty manners and odd taste in dress, was a formidable and notable presence. Shouting angrily to his rebellious subjects, who suddenly made way, he gained the platform and offered his arm to the triumphant Lola, who flung herself against the bosom of his tightly-buttoned cut-away coat with affectionate abandon. He turned :

"You shall hear of this," said the King with angry dignity; then, again offering his arm to Lola : "Madame, I must take you to my palace, since I see that you will be safe nowhere else."

They were about to leave the platform, but Lola Montez was not used to a tame exit. As the private door opened for her and her royal escort, she snatched the pistol from the belt of one of the police guarding the scholars, and turning sharply, fired it into the crowded hall.

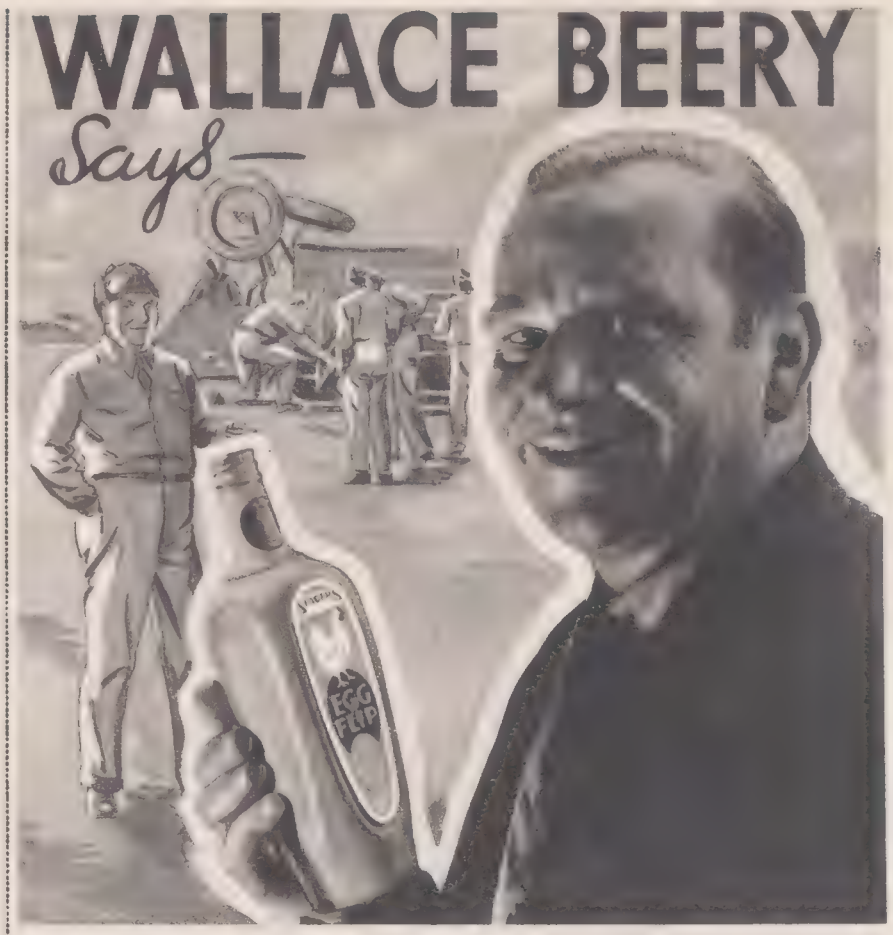
As it merely shattered the head of a plaster statue, the English tutor called out :

"It would have been dangerous for you had you been a good shot, Betty James !"

In the royal carriage King Ludwig demanded of his enchantress the meaning of the words he had heard flung at the Countess.

(*Continued on page 28*)

WALLACE BEERY Says—



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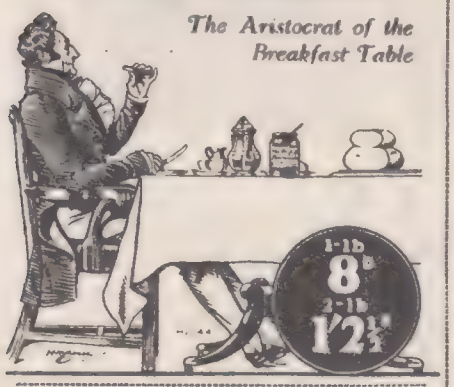

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CONTINUING

An Actress *Ruins* a King

"I was once married to a Captain James, my father was the son of Sir Edward Gilbert—Irish of the Irish, my love! My mother was an Oliver of Castle Oliver—they came from a noble Spanish family, with Moorish blood—so your Majesty will understand my excitable temperament!"

Ludwig hardly heard what his beautiful companion said; he had to pull down the carriage blinds because of the showers of stones cast at the royal equipage as soon as the beautiful face of Lola Montez had been espied by the side of her royal lover.

When the audacious beauty arrived at the palace, she found all in a confusion; the Chamber of Peers demanded her dismissal, and on the King's desk was a paper awaiting his signature:

"We, by the Grace of God, King of Bavaria, declare that the Countess of Landsfeldt has ceased to possess naturalization rights in Bavaria.

Signed.....

Glancing at this, Lola threw herself into the King's arms: "You do love me, don't you?"

"Yes, yes, but the people——"

"Tear up that paper—never give way, treat them as I treated the brawling students to-day," flashed the imperious beauty. "The horsewhip, the pistol."

"Nothing will induce me to forsake you," replied Ludwig, nervously clasping her to his heart, "but listen."

She raised her head and heard, without the palace windows, a low steady hum which seemed to be drawing nearer.

The King led her to the window, saying: "How alone we are! Everyone has forsaken us!"

Lola pulled aside the heavy brocade at the window as she had pulled aside the stage curtains in Paris, London, Berlin and Warsaw to see how many people had come to stare at her notorious beauty, to which was attached so many blazing scandals, so many wild tales. She had often had to face hostile audiences, hoots and jeers provoked either by her reputation or her lack of talent, but her violent courage had never failed.

What she saw now, however, caused her for the first time to quail and to consider retreat.

A scanty band of soldiers were guarding the palace gates with half-hearted devotion; as Lola peered through the thickening March twilight she saw these gates roll back and a shouting mob roll into the courtyard. The palace lamps, just lit, cast pallid gleams of light along drawn swords and flourished pistols; the soldiery dispersed, fell back and then mingled with the mob in a steady onslaught on the palace.

"You see," said Ludwig, taking the curtain from her hand. "There is nothing more that I can do for you—you have the keys of the private door, you know your way across the private garden." He kissed her hand and then her lips while her agile mind worked swiftly.

Defeat again! And the prospect had seemed so brilliant, a King and his realm to rule, a public treasury to dip her hands in, a palace, a title, a pension—how splendid a fortune for the little Irish girl divorced with ignominy by Captain Thomas James of the 21st Bengal Foot, who had tried in vain to force herself as a dancer on the capitals of Europe, whose lovers had been actors and journalists, who had sung in the streets of Warsaw for her supper. . . .

She rallied, and her charming eyes flashed through the tears—"Come, Jack." A swish of black skirts and Lola Montez with whip and bulldog disappeared through the secret door as the mob stormed the palace gates.

That night the people burnt down her fine house; the pictures, furniture, vases and brocades that the King had given her were cast into the street and quickly made into a bonfire, which was fed by the Paris silks and muslins, the English tailored riding habits, the gauze ballet skirts, the plumed hats and ruched bonnets of the King's favourite.

To the flames, too, went souvenirs that the passionate woman had cherished all through her strange life, a bog-oak bracelet—relic of that dull life with her young husband in Ireland—a flute given her by a lovesick music master when she was a coquettish miss in ringlets, the programmes of her appearances at different theatres, the cloak that poor Dufarrier, her French lover, had worn when he had gone out to be shot in his duel with Beauvallon, the black crêpe veil that she had flung back with such effect when she had been a witness at the trial of Beauvallon—all, all into the flames.

Moving desperately among the frantic crowd was a tall man in civilian clothes and a long cloak who tried again and again to rescue some of these feminine treasures from the flames. In the crosslights, the glow of the leaping flames, the thick shadows beyond, the confusion and tumult, this man was not recognised as Ludwig of Bavaria, who, half-crazed by grief, was trying to save some of the property of the mistress he had been forced to abandon.

Though the crowd did not recognise the King, several people began to be exasperated by his maddened attempts to seize some trifle of lace or satin from the flames, and a stout shopkeeper, who was himself endeavouring to pick some valuables out of the debris, began to handle him roughly, at last shattering a mirror at his feet. As the King leapt back from the shards of broken glass he felt his sleeve pulled and a familiar voice whispered in his ear: "Come away, sire, all is over for both of us."

The startled King turned and gazed at the figure of a boy in a riding costume and into the beautiful face of Lola Montez.

She put her fingers on her lips and tightening her clasp on his hand, led him from the furious crowd that was too absorbed in its work of destruction to notice their going. Lola looked back; the house had been set on fire; the outline of the masonry showed dark against the tawny flames that spurted from empty window frames and above the roof line.

"So ends the Countess of Landsfeldt," said the bold creature, clinging to her lover's arm, "but I am still Lola Montez."

The streets were deserted, a cold wind blew round the corners, and an icy rain began to fall as Ludwig of Bavaria and the woman who had lost him his kingdom hurried over the wet pavement.

Lola drew her lover up to a placard pasted on the shutter of a chemist's shop and fitfully lit by the fluttering gleams of a street lamp; this was a copy of a royal decree of that day's date, March 18, 1848.

"As the Countess of Landsfeldt still disturbs the peace of the Capital and country of Bavaria, all the judical and police authorities of the Kingdom have been given orders to pursue the said Countess wherever she may be found, to arrest her, and carry her to the nearest fortress that she may be placed in the hands of the law.

(Signed) Ludwig."

"It was forced out of me" said the King trying to protect his companion from the keen wind and rain. "If only you had stayed I had not signed it—but you left me."

Lola's eyes looked purple under the masculine hat in the shade of the shorn black locks as she replied with that candour which was one of her most fascinating qualities:

"Well, I have returned. And you must abdicate. That is best for your own fame, sire. Never let it be said that you gave way. Yes" she added, hurrying him on through the dark, windy streets, "I could not endure that you should destroy your own reforms."

"But where shall we go?" asked the King. "As long as you are with me I shall be content, but who will give us shelter?"

"I am not wholly without friends," said Lola. "Since I saw you last I have arranged many things. There is a pleasant young Englishman in Munich who admires me very much and who has promised to help me—Mr. Heald."

"I have never heard of him," said Ludwig simply. "How clever you are, my Lola! I was trying to save some of your property——"

"I thought of that, too, but I certainly was surprised to see you there, sire," Lola laughed. She seemed in wild high spirits as she hung on his arm in her boy's attire. "What a situation! Well, I have lost everything, and so have you—never mind, it was all the fault of those Jesuits!"

"I am satisfied," said Ludwig tenderly, "as long as you are with me."

They had reached a lovely square near one of the suburbs where the road stretched straight for the frontier. There waited a travelling carriage with a pair of stout greys in front and some baggage strapped to the back.

"You see," said Lola gaily, "I contrived to save something from those vile wretches—including these diamonds you gave me." She touched the bosom of her shirt and smiled brilliantly.

The driver of the travelling carriage turned a fresh, fair face towards the two who approached through the wet dark the lamps of the vehicle partly dispelled.

"Dear George," said Lola Montez. "How faithful he is; and see, there is Jack waiting for me!"

She opened the carriage door and sprang in as the bulldog scrambled to her trousered knees, then thrust her glowing face out of the window as the driver, pointing with his whip to Ludwig, asked:

"Who is he? I only arranged to take you——"

"You hear, sire!" sighed Lola, waving her hand to the astonished King. "A year of my friendship has, I fear, cost you your Kingdom! I hope it was worth it!"

Throwing an arm round the bulldog, she shouted:

"To the frontier, George!" and pulled up the window.

The carriage rattled out of Munich leaving the dethroned monarch standing astonished in the night wind and the thin rain.

Country Cameos — *by S. L. Bensusan*

Winter Packs Up

NOW that the sun is up early enough to hear my alarm clock strike seven, and stays up until a good day's work is completed in the garden, I am conscious of a curious and exhilarating sense of an awakening world. I know it is too early for optimism to meet justification, but, then, with me the former is always out first at this season, and I have a host of witnesses for my defence, from gorse to snowdrops. But I think, if required to produce evidence, I should not call upon the flowers, but the birds.

There are hours they come about the time of sunset when I find scores of optimists round me, though the woods are still black and never a larch tree of all the surrounding hundreds can boast a plume.

While I walked through the woods this afternoon a nut-hatch, invisible yet not far away, challenged gaily; thrush, blackbird, and chaffinch had been singing; the thrush persisted when his companions of the hedgerow and garden were silent. Plover and partridge are taking love flights; in a little while I should know if the woodcocks that wintered so peacefully in the wood will stay and nest with us. If they don't, they may return or even tell their children of a sanctuary.. The knowledge must be passed on; how else would the house martins come back year after year to the same eaves?

If there is any meaning in all the music that fills life to-day in a remote countryside, it is that winter is wrapping round him the garments he spread across our world nearly three months ago.

Soon there will be a few sunny March days, and I shall watch him passing slowly away from the realm in which he plays such a sorry part. He may pay farewell visits, but only for a day or two at a time; finding no manner of welcome, he will wait until an unborn autumn plays the part of prompter and calls him back to a stage he does so little to adorn.

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Everyone wants to know her

And why? Because she's always cheerful and good company. But so would everyone be if they escaped the curse of constipation. There's no escape through the use of drugs or pills. They are harmful. Faulty elimination can only be rectified by natural means—by eating food containing "bulk."

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CONSTIPATION

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The Confidence that Pelmanism Gives...

PELMANISM DEVELOPS MEMORY

"CAN'T has slipped out of my vocabulary" writes a Student of Pelmanism.

"That great handicap, Inferiority Complex, has gone for ever. 'Can't' has just slipped out of my vocabulary. The Course has broadened my mind more than five years of life could have done. I have been able to distinguish the hollow things of life and—pushing them into the background — have discovered what a really wonderful world this is."

(Pelman Student: E.36063.)

This remarkable letter is one of thousands received by the Pelman Institute. It will come as a message of hope to many of those who are handicapped by any of these defects :—

Diffidence.
Shyness.
Timidity.
Self-Depreciation.
Fear of Failure.
Fear of the Future.
Lack of Self-Confidence.
Lack of Social Courage.
Fear of Taking Responsibility.
Fear of doing something unusual or out of the way.
Hesitation.
And all those weaknesses and failings which are associated with the phrase.

The Inferiority Complex,

one of the greatest handicaps that can burden any man or woman to-day.

For, as the above letter shows, and students of Pelmanism know, this inferiority complex handicap can be completely overcome and the word "can't" can be eliminated from everyone's vocabulary by Pelmanism, scientific mind training which all can follow, which takes up very little time and is as interesting to practise as it is effective in its results.

PELMANISM DEVELOPS RESOURCEFULNESS

People whose Talents are Wasted.

There are few weaknesses so harmful as the feeling of personal inferiority. It injures your prospects of success. It strikes at the very root of your happiness. You may be extremely talented in many directions. But if you have no confidence in yourself these talents will be largely wasted.

As a matter of fact, an "inferiority complex" is often found in association with mental gifts that are above the ordinary; for it is particularly liable to be harboured by the sensitive temperament, which is frequently associated with keen intelligence. The mind of the "Sensitive" freed from this hostile influence may be capable of great and even soaring achievements, if only it is trained in the right way, and that, as the letter already quoted shows, is the Pelman way.

PELMANISM DEVELOPS COURAGE

People who are Afraid.

This lack of Self-Confidence, this feeling of Inferiority these wretched fears and phobias, take different forms with different people. There are people even to-day who shrink from using the telephone. There are many people who are afraid to open the door of their employer's room. There are people who allow their rights to be taken from them, who are pushed aside by more determined rivals, who are tongue tied when questioned, who are afraid to act because they do not know what the consequences will be.

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WILL YOU NEED *to* *Spring Clean?*

WOMAN to WOMAN *by Helen Simpson*

SPRING-CLEANING is, so far as the modern housewife is concerned, a thoroughly immoral practice. It is a superstition, a belief which has outlived its day. The spring-cleaning of the jokesters, every room made uninhabitable, with the parrot swearing in its cage on a wardrobe's top while chaos reigns below; this once was necessary.

In those Victorian years when carved mantelpieces and fretwork whatnots held dust in every crevice; when bobbles fringed every curtain and tablecloth, collecting grime as they swung; when every inch of every room was heavily carpeted and furnished, and liberally top-dressed with soot from coal fire—then, perhaps, the spring-clean could be justified.

But now! It is the modern housewife's opinion that a house should be clean all the year round. No reason in the world why it should not. The dust-collectors are, for the most part, gone.

Child's Play

Even where they exist, vacuum cleaners suck the dirt from their crannies without any fuss and, what is more, do this weekly instead of yearly, with a minimum of trouble.

Bobbles are gone, coal fires are going. The heavy carpets are no longer nailed down. The heavy curtains are child's play for the vacuum's extended arm. The spring-clean, as a housewife's ritual, is rather more dead than Queen Anne.

Still, there remain certain jobs which are sometimes neglected, and which may as well be done in spring as at any other time of the year.

That stair-carpet, for instance. The housewife, no doubt foreseeing future wear and tear, bought it just a little too long in the first place—a foot or so. Now, in spring, she may as well take out all the rods, and the nails which hold it top and bottom, and shift the whole thing up or down six inches, so that the family tread will fall in different places, and the sun find a different area to fade.

There Is Always Dust

Linoleum responds to this treatment, too, and the shifting—which may be done more often than once a year—does exactly double the life of any stair covering.

Mattresses, too. They are turned daily, they are covered away from dust by layers of sheets or blankets. All the same, they can do with further attention. Those buttons of leather or wool which hold the stuffing in place—are any of these loose, or absent? Renew them in spring if they are.

Having done so, lay the mattress on the floor, take (or borrow) a vacuum-cleaner and give it five minutes under suction. There ought to be no dust, of course, but always and infallibly there is—and in dust germs thrive.

Mattresses, considering that people spend a third of their lives on them, are the most shamefully neglected items of household furniture. It is no excuse to protest that you have no vacuum cleaner. One can be hired at a small cost by the week.

The next most useful and most neglected necessities are light fittings, cooking stoves, and heaters; gas and electric appliances, generally. Here the house-wife is rather off her beat. She can, of course, clean her own oven out pretty well, and if the lights are shaded by hanging bowls she can get at these with a damp cloth.

But spring is as good a time as any to get in the gas or electric company's man, and let him test the fuses or tighten the oven taps or renew the flex on the electric iron.

Many women have a habit of expecting mechanical devices to give service for ever, and to need no care.

Not so. Lighting and cooking and refrigerating arrangements all need periodical inspection and renewal. One broken fuse-wire may put the whole house in darkness just on that very evening when guests are expected.

It is no bad idea to renew all electric-light bulbs once a year, whether they

This canister attachment enables you to clean the coal grate with the vacuum cleaner. Result—no clouds of ash and soot in the room.

A modern labour-saving kitchen like this is the best possible base of operations for spring-cleaning.

Change your electric light bulbs—it is poor economy to strain your eyes.

Do you make your own jam? Take the paper caps off the jars and have a look at it.

You may have boiled it too little, or put not quite enough sugar for the quantity of fruit, in which case possibly it will have started to "mother"—to grow a white furry fungus.

You may have to cook the whole lot again; but if it is not too bad, take the fungus quite away with a spoon, rub the paper cap with brandy or any other spirit, and tie it down again for use with puddings.

How long has your kettle served you? If it is a copper one, look very carefully to see if it needs retinning inside. Are your aluminium saucepans wearing thin? Make a note to buy an asbestos mat on which they can be set over the gas; you will get a few more months' service out of them in this way, with no risk of burning anything they cook.

Ask Yourself

Has the mincing machine made a dent in the table where it is screwed on? Are the rivets coming out of saucepan handles? Have you a store of oven cloths handy to lift off red-hot lids? Are any of the pie-dishes cracked? Does your kitchen knife need sharpening? Does the egg-whisk work freely when you turn its little wheel? Could you do with one of those perpetual lighters for the gas stove and so save matches?

These are a few of the questions which a conscientious housewife may ask herself, going through her kitchen in spring. She ought, of course, to ask them more than once a year, and in every room of the house. She ought never to take her household gods for granted. She may extend in a dozen ways that very sound proverb, "A stitch in time saves nine."

A tack, a rub, a knot, a spot of soap, a dash of disinfectant, an electrician, an occasional plumber; each one of these, taken in time, saves nine expenses or efforts or wastes.

Washable walls are sponged down quickly instead of needing redecoration.

(apparently) need it or not. You can keep the old ones by you for emergencies; but it is bad economy to read by a bulb which is nearly worn out.

Now for the kitchen. The immorality of a yearly clean here need hardly be pointed out. A kitchen that is only spotless once a year is a social crime. Its cooker should be rubbed down daily with paper and damp cloth; the detachable parts should be taken out weekly and scrubbed with a brush in hot soda water. Its table should be scrubbed daily; or, if American cloth is laid over the wood, this needs a daily washing down.

Don't Eat Wire

The health of a family is to some extent dependent on its kitchen, and for that reason it has got to be kept the cleanest place in any house.

But the spring inquisition may touch it at other points. Are the saucepans cleaned with wire brushes? Test these by bending sharply a thread of the wire. If it snaps, or is loose in the holder, put that brush in the dustbin. No child, or adult either, is the better for swallowing fragments of metal.

Do you use wire sieves? Test their centres by pressing with your thumb. If one of the threads gives, or has given, away with it, for the reason given above. Are your wooden spoons frayed and raggy with use? Trim them with a sharp knife if you can't afford to renew.

If You Must Do It

Going back to the beginning; to clean in spring, and spring only, is the least housewifely practice I know. Still, if you must set your house in order once a year, I suppose spring will have to do.

It is a fact that the sun, lost for months and reappearing at a slightly different angle in the sky, does show up spots and stains more clearly then than at any other time. Let the tradition stand, since this is so.

Clean on! Myself, I can think of a number of activities far better suited to March mornings.

SERVICE
for Women Readers

WHEN the spring-cleaning is over, someone is sure to mention holidays.

Travel at home and abroad is one of the thousand-and-one subjects with which THE PASSING SHOW's experts can help you.

For advice and information on this and housecraft, mothercraft, fashion, beauty, careers, gardens, motoring, and so forth, write to The Advice Service, THE PASSING SHOW, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope for free reply.

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Not one of them to-day would willingly be without the Hoover! Not one of them would willingly go back to the old time and energy-wasting ways.

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So when the Hoover man calls, give him a hearing! If you can't see him then, tell him when you can. Be fair to yourself and to him. See for yourself—let him show you . . . . After all, hundreds of thousands of housewives can't be wrong, can they?

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"I've never seen an offhand gun," Tim said. Mr. Pyne got a gun out of the corner

A PUPIL *for* Mr. Pyne

Complete Story by

Lucian Cary

T. BALLENTYNE got the news on a morning in May. He sat there staring at the telegram and getting angrier. The thing had happened before. Another man would have said it happened every spring about this time, and expected it. But T. Ballentyne the Fourth, who spent his life in knowing what is happening in the world and what is about to happen, as the head of a great banking firm must, had gone on believing that this year, in this school, T. Ballentyne the Fifth would take seriously the task of preparing himself to become in his turn the head of T. Ballentyne & Co.

The night letter, as always, was tactful. Headmasters did not summarily dismiss a Ballentyne. This one, who was in California, merely said that the boy agreed it was better for him to leave the school at once. Of course, if Mr. Ballentyne preferred, he would keep the boy until the final examinations.

"Ledyard," T. Ballentyne said to his secretary, "wire Tim to come home. Wire the school."

"Yes, sir," Ledyard said, and stood waiting.

T. Ballentyne sat drawing squares and circles and triangles on a sheet of paper. He was not given to scribbling meaningless things. He only did it when he was puzzled. He couldn't imagine what the boy had done. He never had learned exactly why a school thought it better for his son to leave. The headmaster never said that Tim was a liar and a thief, or openly defiant, or stupid. On the contrary, the men who wanted to get rid of him admitted that he was forthright and intelligent. They said he didn't seem to care; they said he wouldn't co-operate; they said he was undisciplined. T. Ballentyne the Fourth always felt they could say more if they would. But when he pressed them, they said the main thing was that the boy wouldn't study anything he didn't like and the things he did like were always, by a coincidence, outside the curriculum.

T. Ballentyne reflected that Tim was nearly eighteen. He was old enough to be entering college and he wasn't half-way through prep school. T. Ballentyne the Fourth had entered Harvard at seventeen. He had taken a doctor's degree at Bonn when he was twenty-three. He couldn't remember that he had ever been too young to know there was more glory in being the head of Ballentyne & Co. than in being President of the United States. He hadn't done just as he pleased. He had begun, by the time he was twelve or fourteen, to do what he had to do in order to succeed his father. But at eighteen Tim was still a child—still playing with toys and dreaming boyish dreams of being an engineer or an aviator. He had built a toy motor-car the spring he was fired from Groton and been arrested for doing seventy miles an hour in it. He had built a glider the spring he was fired from St. Mark's and made a seven-minute flight in it before his father wired them to stop him.

"His mother has always babied him," T. Ballentyne said to himself. "Even I have been too easy with him. He has no guts."

"Ledyard," T. Ballentyne said, "we're going up to the Bridge to-morrow. Tell Tim to meet me there. Get a tutor. Have him come up on Sunday."

"Yes, sir," Ledyard said. "I'll see that the house is opened."

T. Ballentyne the First had built the place at Miller's Bridge in the Berkshire Hills before the Civil War. The Ballentynes had called it the Bridge ever since. They hadn't used it much for two generations and not at all for ten years. It was too far away from everything. But it held more of the Ballentyne tradition than any other house.

T. Ballentyne drove himself and Ledyard the next day. T. Ballentyne liked driving a car, especially when he was annoyed with the world. He hated aeroplanes. He had never been in an aeroplane. He felt that a man as important to the world and to Ballentyne & Co. would be a fool to use aeroplanes. He often drove hard.

He had a late lunch in the long dining-room at the Bridge. He went into the library afterwards with Ledyard and some work. He looked up, as he dictated, at the portraits of the Ballentynes—T. Ballentyne the First, his great-grandfather; T. Ballentyne the Second, his grandfather; T. Ballentyne the Third, his father. His own portrait would hang there soon. There was a fellow in New York painting it.

His reflections on the glory of the Ballentynes were interrupted by the sound of a rifle shot, so loud and so sharp that it seemed just outside the open window.

"What was that?" he asked. He really meant, "What man would dare to fire a rifle outside the Ballentyne windows?"

There was another shot before Ledyard had time to answer.

They both listened for a third shot. It came promptly. They counted ten shots, at intervals of half a minute, before the shooting ceased.

"I'll go and find out about it," Ledyard said.

Ledyard came back in ten minutes. "The gardener says it's the old man who fixes the guns."

"What?"

"He's a gunsmith who bought the old mill down the brook and set up shop, eight or ten years ago. He's been living there alone ever since, although it's a mystery where he gets any work to do."

"That's a mile from here," T. Ballentyne said.

"Almost a mile in a straight line and two or three miles by road. The gardener says the sound comes up the brook. That's why it seems so close."

"Call up Judge Horton and have the fellow stopped," T. Ballentyne said.

But Judge Horton wasn't at all sure the fellow could be stopped, except, of course, on Sunday.

"I'll stop him," T. Ballentyne said.

He wasn't ordinarily a vindictive man. He almost never used the power that was his in petty ways. He was a little ashamed of his own anger. But he disliked guns as much as he disliked aeroplanes.

They drove down to the old mill. T. Ballentyne stopped the car beside a galvanised-iron mail box on a post. The name on the box was "J. M. Pyne." The mill was little more than a large shed, grey with age. It stood across the brook below an old stone dam. T. Ballentyne got out of the car and crossed the brook on a narrow, swaying footbridge and knocked on the door of the mill. He got no answer. He knocked again, more sharply. He heard somebody call "Come in." He opened the door.

He saw an old man with a white beard at a bench under a bank of windows at the opposite end of the shop. The old man did not look up. T. Ballentyne picked his way around boxes and over a pile of round steel bars. When he got near the bench he saw that a window at the end of the bench was open. A rifle lay in some sort of fixture, its muzzle out of the window. On beyond, a long way beyond, across the meadow at the rear of the shop, he saw something he guessed was a target, and beyond that a sand bank.

"How do you do, Mr. Pyne," T. Ballentyne said.

The old man raised his head and looked at T. Ballentyne over his glasses. He was wearing two pairs of glasses.

"My name is Ballentyne," T. Ballentyne said. He held out his hand.

"Pleased to meet you," the old man said.

They shook hands.

"I heard you shooting," T. Ballentyne said. "At first I thought it was just outside my library window."

The old man bent over a small piece of steel he had in the vice and peered at it with a magnifying glass. "I was testing a .30 calibre in the machine rest," he said.

T. Ballentyne looked about the shop. It was full of things of no value. He looked at the littered bench. It held layer on layer of cigar boxes and pasteboard boxes and tin boxes in a crazy pile—the accumulation of years. He looked at the old man. He had a slip of oilstone in his right hand and the magnifying glass in the other hand. He was trying to stone the bit of steel in the vice. He was obviously poor. He must be hard put to it to find work. T. Ballentyne did not wish to take advantage of one so weak.

"I'd like to buy this place of yours," T. Ballentyne said.

The old man looked up sharply. "What for?"

"I don't like shooting."

"There's no danger whatever," the old man said.

T. Ballentyne tried hard to be genial. "I would like to make it worth your while to move."

"You can't," the old man said.

T. Ballentyne smiled. "I see you don't know who I am."

"I know who you are," J. M. Pyne said. "But you can't make it worth my while to move." He made a gesture at the bench, at the shop. "It would take me six months to straighten up everything, and label it, and pack it, and move it into a new place, and get so I could find anything."

"I'll pay you six months' income."

The old man stared fiercely at T. Ballentyne. "No," he said.

"And three times what this place cost you."

(*Continued on page* 34)

Mrs. James

does her listening as she does her shopping—nationally. She's quite happy with the home programmes and loves Gert and Daisy. The new Ferranti All-Wave Receiver which her husband bought doesn't interfere with her preference for home-grown entertainment at all, as she thought it might; all her usual programmes are still hers with greater ease and certainty and with more faithful reproduction than ever before.

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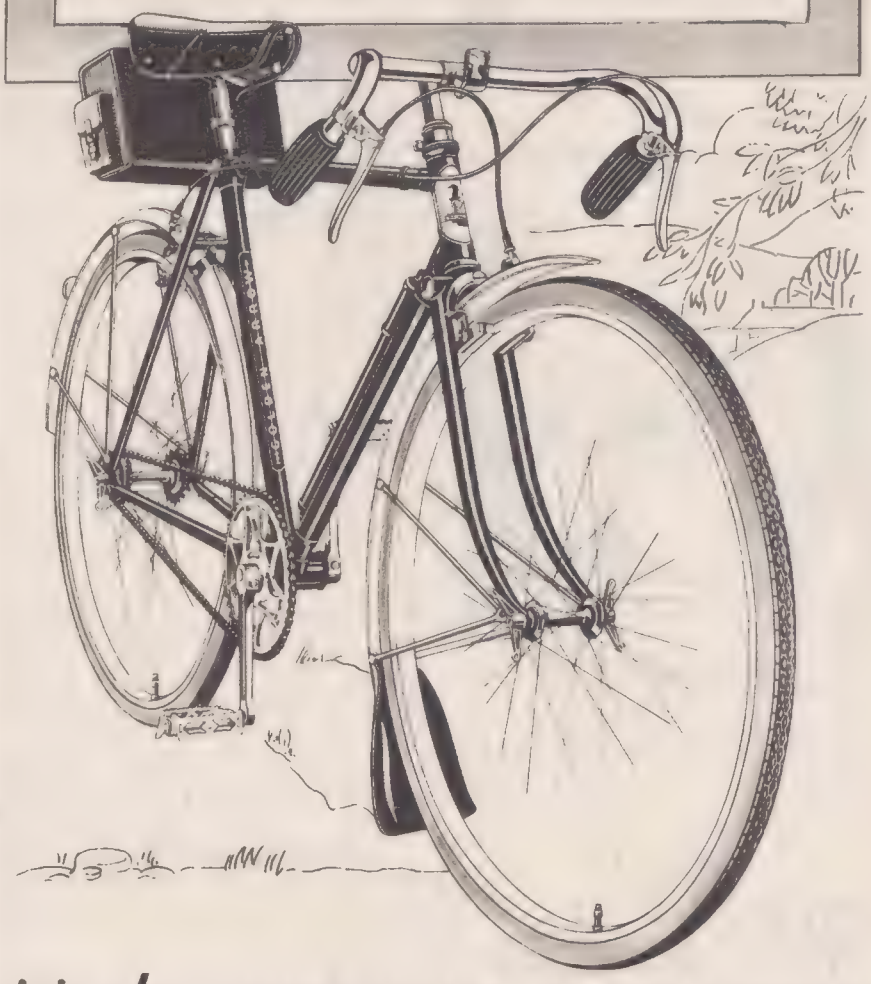

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Continuing A PUPIL *for* Mr. Pyne

"No," the old man said. "How many times do I have to tell you? No."

"But, Mr. Pyne——" T. Ballentyne began again.

"I'm too old to care about money," Mr. Pyne retorted. "I'm interested in time. I haven't got time enough left to do half the things I want to do. If you can give me three times as many hours in a day as there are now, and three times as many days in the year as there are now, I'll talk business with you."

He bent his head again over the small piece of steel in the vice and picked up his magnifying glass. T. Ballentyne knew that he was dismissed.

Tim Ballentyne arrived at the Bridge Saturday night. His father was in the library. His father was plainly astonished.

"When did you leave?" his father asked.

"About five minutes after I got your wire."

His father stared at him. "You came by 'plane?"

"Yes, sir."

"You know I don't want you to travel by 'plane."

His father talked at length about the absurdity of travelling by aeroplane and abruptly changed the subject to one Tim cared less to discuss with him.

"How do you account for your failure this time?" his father asked.

Tim Ballentyne shook his head. "I don't know how to account for it."

"You didn't really study."

"I did at first," Tim said. "I didn't do much these last weeks."

"You didn't have the guts to stick it out."

Tim would have liked to tell his father exactly how it was. He always started in, determined to do himself proud and get ready for Harvard, as his father wished him to. His resolution always flagged. By spring he was planning something he wanted to build. And once he started to make the drawing, he thought of nothing else. He stayed up later and later making drawings. He went to bed at dawn and failed to get to his morning classes.

"You're going to spend the summer up here," his father said. "You won't have a car to drive. You'll have a tutor. I'll come up every other week-end to see how you're getting on."

"Yes, sir."

His father talked a lot before he talked himself out. The hard thing was that Tim sympathised with his father in spite of himself. His father once again made him feel the glory of the Ballentynes, made him wish to carry it on, like his father, and his grandfather, and his great-grandfather, and his great-great-grandfather. At moments he felt he could do the things his father wished him to do. But mostly he knew he never could.

The tutor arrived next day. His name was Johnson. He was all right. Tim Ballentyne knew there were only two sorts of tutors—the rare sort that is determined to make good with your father by getting you through at least one college-board examination, and the usual kind that is just as ready to loaf as you are. He guessed that Johnson was the usual kind, but he wasn't sure.

Tim's father left on Monday morning. Tim spent four hours with Johnson while Johnson found out what he would have to learn in order to pass college boards.

They were sitting around the library after lunch, a little discouraged with each other, when they heard a rifle shot. They heard ten shots, half a minute apart.

Tim got up and strolled toward the door.

"If you don't mind," he said, "I'll take a walk. I haven't seen this place since I was about seven years old."

Johnson obviously didn't mind. Tim made his way down the brook, mildly curious about the shots. He stopped at the mill pond and sat down on a rock and lit a cigarette. He couldn't see any hope for the summer. There was a girl on Long Island he had been writing to. But there wasn't much chance of seeing her.

Tim finished his cigarette and walked out to the road. He saw the mail box and the name "J. M. Pyne."

Tim stared at the name. It might be that it was the J. M. Pyne he had read about and heard about.

He went into the mill and saw an old man doing something at a lathe.

"Don't talk to me now," the old man said. "I'll be with you in a minute."

Tim stood silent and watched. The old man had a small grinder rigged on the lathe, and he was grinding a reamer. He took a minute cut and picked up a magnifying glass and the micrometer and measured. Then he took another minute cut. He worked for fifteen minutes, with a curious intentness, before he threw off the belt and looked up.

"I had my head full of figures just now, some of them to four places, and I couldn't talk without losing them. What can I do for you?"

"Why," Tim said, "why, you're J. M. Pyne, aren't you? I mean you're the famous rifle maker?"

"I make rifles," the old man said, "and so far as I know, I'm the only J. M. Pyne who does."

"I heard about you at school last year, in California. I was shooting on the school rifle team, and the coach used to tell us stories about you and how you used to shoot."

J. M. Pyne gave Tim a cigarette and took one himself. "What's your name?"

"My name is Ballentyne—Tim Ballentyne."

J. M. Pyne studied Tim over the top of his glasses. He had an odd little smile. "H'm'm," he said. "Do you shoot?"

"Not what you'd call shooting," Tim said. "I was high man in the school team. We shot four positions—prone, kneeling, sitting, and standing."

"What did you make standing?"

"I was averaging about eighty-eight toward the last," Tim said.

"Hard pull?"

"Yes," Tim said, "and a prone stock."

"Military shooting," J. M. Pyne said. "It's all right in its way. But it isn't as much fun as offhand shooting with a gun that's made for it."

"I've never even seen an offhand gun," Tim said.

Mr. Pyne got a gun out of the corner. It was a long heavy rifle with double set triggers. It had a palm rest and a pronged butt plate and a stock that looked as if it had been chopped out with a hatchet. He handed the rifle to Tim and got out a bag. He took a telescope out of the bag and fitted it on the rifle.

"Now," J. M. Pyne said, "put that up and see how it feels."

Tim put the gun up and tried the set triggers. The stock looked like a makeshift. But it wasn't a makeshift. It was right.

"Gee," he said, "I'd like to learn to shoot a gun like that."

"There's no reason why you can't," Mr. Pyne said.

Tim looked at him. "You mean you'd make me a Pyne rifle?"

"Well," Mr. Pyne said, "I didn't say that. I've got work piled in here for two or three years. But you can come down here and shoot that rifle all you like."

"You mean that?" Tim said.

Mr. Pyne took a couple of hundred-yard targets from the bench. "Tack these up down yonder," he said. "You'll see the place—a hundred yards is at that frame half-way down."

Tim ran out of the shop and down the meadow and tacked up the targets and ran all the way back.

"The first thing you've got to learn is not to run when you're shooting," J. M. Pyne said. "Sit down until your heart gets back to normal."

He found a box of .22 long rifle cartridges.

"Now," he said, "I'm going to stand behind you and watch you. If I touch you on the shoulder, put the gun down without firing it."

Tim put up the gun. He couldn't hold the cross hairs on the black. He couldn't hold on the paper. He was too conscious of the fact that J. M. Pyne was watching him. He felt a touch on his shoulder. He started obediently to put the gun down and touched the set trigger in doing so. The bullet struck the ground half-way to the target.

"The great thing is not to pull any bad shots," J. M. Pyne said. "That's what it is to be a rifle shot. People brag about one shot they made. But one shot is nothing. It's mostly luck. What you've got to learn is to make a fair shot every time you pull. And after that, to make a good shot every time. The centre shots will take care of themselves, if you never pull a bad one."

Tim shot for an hour under J. M. Pyne's coaching, learning to put the gun down when he failed to get a good hold before he began to feel short of breath.

"There's no use trying to outhold your wind," J. M. Pyne said. "You've got to hold your breath when you're shooting, and you can hold it only so long before the gun begins to wabble farther and faster. When that happens, you've got to put the gun down and rest a minute and take a couple of good deep breaths before you try again."

"Do you think I might make a rifle shot?" Tim asked.

"It's a matter of guts," J. M. Pyne said. "You learned to shoot prone first; and usually when a man learns to shoot prone, he never has the guts to learn to shoot well offhand. It is so much harder and takes so much longer."

"Would—would it be all right if I came again to-morrow?" Tim asked.

"I don't know why not," J. M. Pyne said.

"I'm afraid it's an imposition—taking your time."

J. M. Pyne smiled. "I've got plenty of time for anybody who's really interested to learn."

They talked about getting an education a couple of weeks later, when Tim had had a dozen lessons in offhand shooting. Tim told J. M. Pyne about the tutor.

"You mean you haven't passed in your studies?" J. M. Pyne asked.

"Only about half the time," Tim said.

"Well," J. M. Pyne said slowly, "there are a lot of people wasting their time trying to get an education. They'll never get it because they aren't capable of it. But I wouldn't have said that you were one of them. What college are you going to?"

"Harvard," Tim said.

"What are you going to be?"

"A banker," Tim said.

"What would you like to be?"

"An engineer," Tim said.

"Why don't you be one?"

"I can't," Tim said.

"Can't!" J. M. Pyne said. "Can't. That's what they said to me when I was a boy. You can't be an engineer." He paused, remembering the past. "I graduated from Institute of Engineering before I was twenty-one."

"I'd like to go to Institute of Engineering," Tim said.

"How are you in mathematics?"

"I haven't had any to speak of," Tim said.

"If you don't take to mathematics," J. M. Pyne said, "maybe you're wise not to try to be an engineer."

Tim walked slowly back to the house to his dinner with Johnson. He said almost nothing during dinner.

"Johnson," Tim said afterward, in the library, "could you teach me algebra?"

"Yes," Johnson said. "I think I could take you as far as prep schools ever go, if I had the books."

"If you'll make a list," Tim said, "I'll order the books."

J. M. Pyne was reading a copy of the *American Rifleman* when Tim arrived at the mill a few days later.

"I see," he said, "they're having an old-time offhand match at Walnut Hill next month. I used to shoot at Walnut Hill thirty or forty years ago. It's almost the only famous old club that's left. It used to be full of rifle cranks."

"Are you going?" Tim asked.

"I'd like to," J. M. Pyne said. "But I don't see how I could take the time."

"I'd like to go," Tim said. "I'd like to see a real offhand match."

"It's a two hundred yards," J. M. Pyne said. "You'd have to shoot a bigger gun than the .22. You'd have to shoot a .32/40."

Tim looked at J. M. Pyne in amazement. "They wouldn't let me shoot in a match like that."

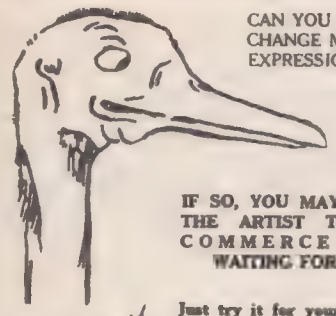
"The match is open to all comers."

"But I'm just learning to shoot."

"How do you expect to learn to shoot in matches if you don't shoot in 'em? Don't you know match shooting is harder? Don't you know you've got to fight the nervousness that comes with competition?"

"Well——" Tim said.

(*Continued on page* 36)



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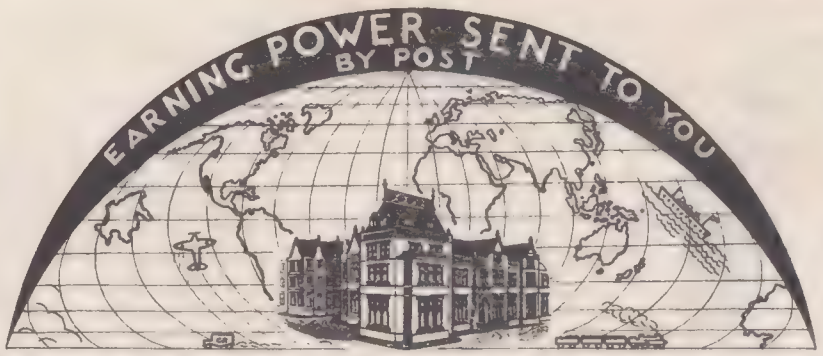

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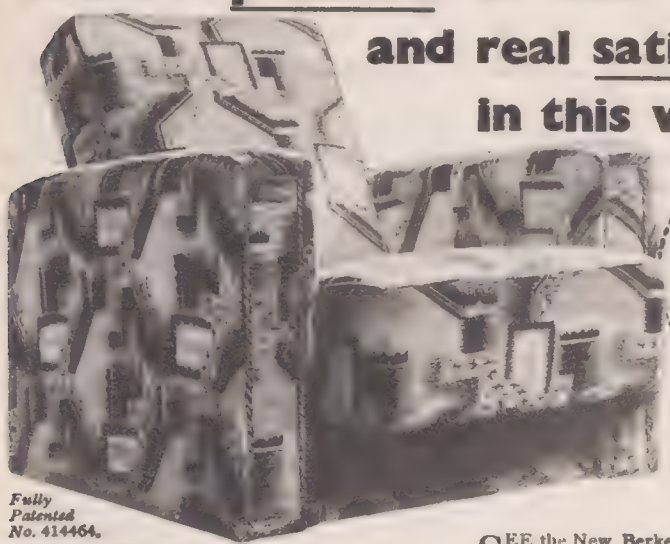

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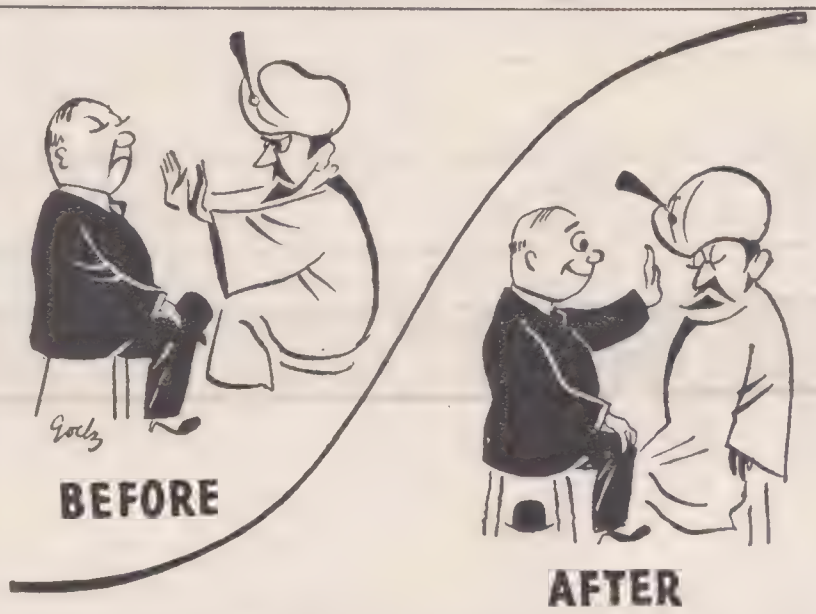

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Continuing A PUPIL *for* Mr. Pyne

"If we go, you'll shoot," J. M. Pyne said.

"All right," Tim said. "We'll go."

J. M. Pyne got out the mould and started the plumber's furnace, and cast some bullets for the .32/40, and greased them in a brass pump, and showed Tim how to load the gun. He insisted on Tim's following an exact ritual, putting a bullet through the false muzzle and ramming it home and leaving the rod in the bore until he was ready to insert the loaded shell in the breech.

"If you don't make a habit of doing it just so every time," J. M. Pyne said, "the time will come when somebody'll come up and talk to you while you're loading and you'll forget and leave the bullet near the muzzle, where the starter puts it, instead of ramming it down, and then, when you shoot, you'll ring the barrel. The charge of burning powder goes up the barrel so fast that it's practically a solid. If it hits a bullet near the muzzle, something has to give. And it's mostly the barrel that gives. It won't burst. But it'll expand so much that it won't shoot any more."

Tim got some practice with the .32/40 every day after that. The noise bothered him at first. It was so much louder than a .22. But he got used to it. He could almost stay in the six-inch black at a hundred yards with it. He could put nine shots out of ten in the black.

Tim had a telegram from Ledyard on Saturday evening, saying his father was driving up to the Bridge on Sunday morning. Tim decided not to wire back that he was leaving early on Sunday morning. He wrote a note to his father and left it on the library table, and told Johnson to explain.

He couldn't go to sleep. He lay awake again wondering what he'd do if he forgot and fired the gun with a bullet up the muzzle. You couldn't replace a Pyne barrel, if you spoiled it, the way you could replace a friend's car if you wrecked it. And then suddenly he knew that the noise which so annoyed him was the alarm clock beside his bed.

It was noon when they got to Walnut Hill. They walked into the clubhouse, and somebody recognised J. M. Pyne, and in two minutes he was surrounded. They shook his hand and slapped his back and asked a dozen questions simultaneously.

Tim looked about for a place to put the gun. He saw his father sitting in a corner.

"I got your note," his father said stiffly.

"I'm sorry you don't like this," Tim said. "But there's no harm in it."

"No," his father said, "there's no harm in it. But you're still playing with toys. When you take a day's vacation, you choose to take it with an ignorant old man. I'd rather see you associating with your superiors."

Tim set his gun up in the rack beside a loading table and laid out the tools and fastened up the loading flask. A young chap came up and introduced himself.

"You came with Pyne, didn't you?" he asked.

"Yes," Tim said, "I did."

"You know him well?"

"We're good friends," Tim said. "We live next door to each other."

"Listen," the young chap said, "could you say something to him for me? Could you help me get a Pyne barrel?"

Tim introduced somebody to J. M. Pyne every fifteen minutes on that plea. He was besieged by people who knew only that he had arrived with J. M. Pyne. It was hours before he could get a chance to load the gun. And when he did, young men stood three deep around him, watching him, asking questions. Few of the younger men had ever seen a Pyne muzzle-loader before. But they had all heard of Pyne muzzle-loaders. They wanted to know all about Pyne muzzle-loaders.

Tim watched himself. His hands trembled so he fumbled. He couldn't ruin that barrel. He had to load it correctly. He got it done at last. He went outside to the shooting stand. All the young men rushed to the window to watch his shot.

He raised the gun. The bull looked no bigger than a half-dollar. His knees trembled.

The gun moved so fast across the target that he couldn't get a hold. One minute the cross hairs were off the paper and the next moment they were passing across the little bull's-eye two hundred yards away at sixty miles an hour. He had to snatch at it. It was his only chance. And then he remembered. In the act of touching the trigger, he put the gun down and waited and took long deep breaths. When he put the gun up again, he got a fair chance. The cross hairs hung for an instant in the black. He touched the trigger and the gun boomed, and half a second later he heard the thunk of the bullet in the sand bank behind the target. The marker came up. At least he was in the black.

An "eight," the scorer said.

He went back to load again. His father was close behind his stand. He saw a man he remembered to have seen somewhere coming toward his father with hand outstretched. He must be some important person. He looked like the sort of man who sat on boards of directors with his father.

"Why, Timothy," the man said to Tim's father, "they tell me you came over with Pyne."

"Not exactly," T. Ballentyne said. "My son——"

"But you know him, Tim. And I want you to help me. I want you to introduce me to him and tell him you would consider it a personal favour if he would make me a Pyne barrel."

Tim stole a glance at his father. Tim's father was looking at the man as if he thought him crazy.

"George," T. Ballentyne said, "if you want a rifle barrel, tell the man to make you a barrel."

Tim stole another glance. George was shaking his head.

"You don't understand," he said. "You can't tell J. M. Pyne to do anything. J. M. Pyne does what he pleases. He mostly pleases to make barrels for his friends. That's why he charges so little."

"Double his price," T. Ballentyne said. "It won't make any difference to you."

"Tim," George said, "do you know what happened to a friend of mine who tried that? He ordered a Pyne barrel a year ahead of time. He was going to hunt lions in Africa. He went to see Pyne after six months to ask how his barrel was coming on. Pyne said he hadn't got around to it. My friend knew he could make the barrel in a week if he wanted to. He said to Pyne, 'If you get that barrel finished before I start for Africa, I'll pay you a hundred dollars for it, instead of fifty.' And Pyne looked at him and roared, 'Are you trying to bribe me? Get out of here!'"

Tim loaded the rifle and went out to fire another shot. He had fired his first ten shots for record when he saw J. M. Pyne coming toward him with a determined stride. He had to be determined to get away from the rifle cranks who surrounded him.

"How's it going?"

Tim shook his head. "I can't keep them in the black," he said.

"Knees wabble?"

Tim nodded.

"I know," J. M. Pyne said. "I've been there. The only thing you can do about it is to take your time and be careful. Wait it out. If you don't get a good hold when the gun is moving slow enough so you can get the shot off clean, wait. Remember what the old fellow said—'all things come to him who waits, provided he knows where to wait for 'em.'"

Men were at both Mr. Pyne's elbows, dragging him away. Tim set his teeth. He went out to fire the first shot of his second string grimly. Then he remembered, you couldn't be grim. You had to relax. You had to take it easy while remaining fiercely determined not to snatch at that trigger when the gun was swinging fast, not to press it until you got a good hold.

He was sorry when it was over. He felt he was going better. He wished the match were longer. He wished it were a hundred shots. He thrust his score ticket in his pocket. J. M. Pyne would never see that. Fortunately, J. M. Pyne was completely surrounded by admirers. He would have no chance to ask what score Tim Ballentyne had made.

They drove to Boston in his father's car for dinner with several gun cranks. When they started for home, Tim noticed that his father was most respectful to J. M. Pyne. Tim sat in the back of the car with the Pyne .32/40 muzzle-loader beside him. He was fond of that rifle. The stock had never been finished. The bluing was worn off the barrel. But the inside was a work of precise art.

T. Ballentyne the Fourth took a quick look over his shoulder at his son as he drove out of Boston. The boy was asleep with his arm around the rifle.

"Mr. Pyne," T. Ballentyne said, "I want to apologise. All I had heard of you when I went to complain about your shooting was that you were the old man who fixes the guns. I didn't understand."

"Naturally," J. M. Pyne answered, "you didn't know who I was. You aren't a rifleman. But we both like your boy."

T. Ballentyne stared for a long time at the road ahead, trying to find the right words.

"A friend of mine was there to-day," he said. "He's a pretty big man. He asked me to ask you if you would make a barrel for him."

"Your son introduced him to me," J. M. Pyne said. "He wants a .30 calibre barrel for a hunting gun. He wants to kill a moose. I'd like to oblige him. But there wouldn't be much sense in it. Maybe a Pyne rifle will shoot a little closer than a factory barrel. But you don't need it for moose. A moose is such a big mark you couldn't hardly miss him if you can shoot at all. Most any gun that has power enough is all right for rough-and-ready work like shooting a moose. I've shot moose and elk and many deer, and a factory rifle was always good enough for me."

"I see," T. Ballentyne said. "You really don't care to make rifles for men who aren't crack shots."

"I know people say that about me," J. M. Pyne said, "but it isn't so. Take your boy. He doesn't know it yet, but I've got a barrel for offhand work almost finished for him. All I've got to do is brown it and put the telescope blocks on. I tried it out yesterday in the machine rest and it shoots like a house afire."

"You mean Tim can't shoot, but you're making a barrel for him anyway?"

"Of course, he can't shoot yet. He hasn't been shooting long enough. You can't expect to shoot offhand in a few weeks or a few months. It takes a few years. No, Tim can't shoot. But you ought to see him try.

"I didn't have much chance to watch him to-day. But I've got a copy of his score in my pocket, and studying it I can tell pretty well what was happening to him from shot to shot. It was his first match, and he had match fever so bad he couldn't hardly load the gun without dropping something on the floor. He was pretty wild some of the time. But he'll learn. He has the guts."

"You think that the boy is all right, Mr. Pyne?"

"Yes," J. M. Pyne said, "the boy is all right. He'll be an engineer, and a good one."

"What makes you think he'll be an engineer?"

"That's where his heart is."

"Maybe that's why he isn't getting along at school," T. Ballentyne said. "Maybe he doesn't want to go to Harvard."

"You tell him he can go to Institute of Engineering, and see what happens. My guess is he'll go to Institute of Engineering anyway. But it would be nicer for you both if you told him he could."

T. Ballentyne knew that he had to do it. He couldn't bear to give up his ambition for his son. But he knew he had to. He hated aeroplanes. And Tim would be designing aeroplanes and flying them. But there was no way to stop him.

"I had hoped," T. Ballentyne said, "that Tim would see—well, what I'd call the glory of carrying on Ballentyne and Co."

"There's more than one kind of glory in the world," J. M. Pyne said. "You have your kind of glory; the boy has to find his."

"From what I saw at Walnut Hill to-day," T. Ballentyne said, "I know you have your kind of glory. They told me you were one of the greatest rifle shots who ever lived."

"Well, you see," J. M. Pyne said, "I always liked to shoot."

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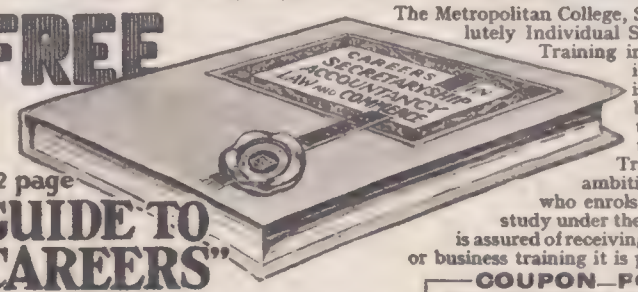

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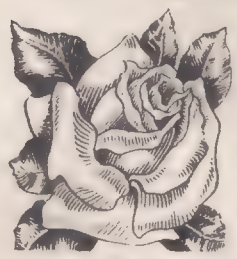

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Continuing

CONFESSIONS *of a* FASHION KING

only looking at the mannequins. As for her, she had the air of finding everything ridiculous, and she said to me as we parted: 'I knew they were ugly, but I could not believe they were as ugly as all that!'"

"Don't worry!" I said to her, "vengeance will come." And a little after that, the saleswoman came to me one afternoon grinning all over her face, and said: "Monsieur, guess who is here? Baroness ——— I hope you are not going to miss your chance this time!"

I was not, and I went downstairs licking my lips. It was the solemn hour when all the seats in my salon were occupied, some women even crouching on cushions. I went up and greeted the Baroness, and said: "Madame, I know that my dresses do not please you. You informed my saleswoman of this in your house, where I have already received an affront. I do not wish to suffer another in my own house, and I ask you to depart."

I saw rage rising from her heart to her face. "Monsieur, do you know to whom you are speaking?"

"It is precisely because I know, madame, that I express myself as I do. Kindly withdraw."

"I am not accustomed to be put out of the house by my purveyors, and I will not go."

"Madame, I no longer consider myself one of your purveyors. However, if you insist on staying, my dresses will not be shown to you."

The Baroness stood up, and with flaming eyes, uttered these words: "You will hear from me . . ." and she left precipitately.

On the following morning I was with my heads of departments in the glass-walled office where I dominated all the activities of the house, and which opened on to all its organs, when the Baroness' saleswoman entered like a hurricane. "Monsieur, do you know who is here? It is the Baron; Monsieur do not go, he will do you some injury. . . . . ."

I went down at once in order not to keep him waiting, and presented myself to him.

"You are Monsieur Paul Poiret?" he asked me in an even voice.

"Yes, Monsieur."

"It is you, isn't it, who put my wife out of your house yesterday?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

My assurance pleased him, he seemed to reflect, his face lit with a smile, and he said to me, gently: "You have done well. I know someone who adores your dresses, but who did not want to meet her. . . ."

And he departed!

I did not wait for success to grow by itself, but worked like a demon to increase it, and tried to keep both my mind and body alert and fit as my business. Every morning I did an hour's fencing or gymnastics with friends who came to my garden. After two or three bouts with the sword, we had a cold shower, and a glass of port. By 8.45 a.m., I was always punctually at my desk with a clear and ready mind, and in a good humour to prepare my day's programme.

It may interest readers of THE PASSING SHOW to know something of the organisation of a couturier's house.

First come the "Triers-out" or "Premières," and all their workwomen (including the fitters and cutters), who execute the models under the inspiration of the designers. For each model must be perfectly "tried out" in private, before being sold to the public, in order to make certain there is no technical defect. In my opinion, this rôle is one of the most exacting in the house, and a good première should earn on an average, about sixty thousand francs a year, in order to be able to live free from financial worries, and so give her whole mind to this work. She must sense the whole significance and "personality" of an ensemble, and be able to "express" it. She must also possess an innate instinct for line and colour, and be able to give the exact importance and value to each detail on a gown. She must, in fact, be an artist, and co-operate with the fantasies of the creator.

A good première must also be able to inspire confidence in her clients, and possess angelic patience! I have often interrupted scenes where the clients, tired out by long continued standing, have become nervous and irritable, and either wept or relapsed into fury. I had two methods of dealing with them. Either I would say:

"Madame, be calm. Probably you made a mistake when you gave your order; your dress does not satisfy you. I don't want you to make yourself ill over a trifle. Leave it. I will make a pretty cushion out of it, and for you we will make something else, whatever you want."

At this point the client would frequently conceive a fresh desire for the dress!

The second method was to remain implacable and say: "Madame, you came to Poiret knowing that Poiret is the first house. Very well then, Poiret is me, and I, Poiret, tell you, this dress is good, it is beautiful, and it suits you. If you don't like it so much the worse, take it away, but I will never make you another. Our minds are not of a sort to understand each other."

The saleswomen must be good sellers, but they are seldom connoisseurs. As a rule, they are dealing with clients who know very well what is good for themselves, having made a study of their seductive resources! A Parisienne especially, never buys a model without particularising it to suit herself. She wants it in blue if it is green, or she adds a fur collar, or changes the sleeves, or suppresses the buttons.

Then there are the employees engaged in management, and in buying—estimating and measuring materials, and giving to the workshop all the necessary ingredients for an order. A good buyer must know all the resources of Paris or London, and specially of each wholesaler, and be able to procure without delay anything she is asked for. She must also have an exceedingly good eye for colour.

There is the accountancy side, too, of course, and the book-keepers play much the same rôle as in any other business. That is to say, that by the efficiency of their methods, they can make the profits rise considerably—or fall.

A word for the couturier himself! His chief rôle, more perhaps than to dictate the fashions, is to allow the ladies to think he is humbly following *their* inclinations—anticipating, as it were, their desires! He must be their master, while at the same time serving both the fashion and the coquetries of women, and be able to stimulate their taste and their entire confidence.

He is the confessor and adviser of all the reigning beauty queens of the day, and he must know all the secrets of seduction, and penetrate the hidden recesses of "allure"! Each woman must believe that it is her alone whom he wishes to make incomparable and irresistible. But he must also be able to impose his own personality in his establishment, for he has, perhaps, three hundred workwomen in his employ, all of whom he must know personally.

Undoubtedly the greatest couturiers I have ever known are Messieurs Pingat, Worth, Walles, Doucet, and Paquin, and I do not believe there were any before them. There are, perhaps, still some to-day who can recall little Monsieur Pingat, in his velvet coat?

And remember how each day he reclined on his couch, from where he received—like Cleopatra herself—all the elegant world of Paris!

And Worth, a young Englishman, who loved to provoke comment by his eccentric and original tastes, and who had the entire interior of his private residence decorated in huge snails—even the furniture and chair-covers! He himself always wore a plush cape, and strolled with a stately ease down the Rue de la Paix, a heavy moustache drooping from each side of his superior lips, and a velvet beret draped over one ear. It is said that his witty sayings were the talk of all Paris.

Each House created its own personality, and while the tissues of Worth were sumptuous velvets and heavy brocades, those of Doucets were light and airy as gossamer—rather like a Watteau painting. Paquin's creations were always eminently practical, and it was he who created a tailor-made which provoked a stream of comment and criticism.

Instead of the high masculine collar, and white-buttoned waistcoat adorned with a heavy watch-chain, he created a ravishing suit of blue serge with gold metal buttons, and revers of cerise taffeta interwoven with thin gold lines. It had a tremendous and instant success, and down all the fashionable boulevards and race-courses one saw dozens of these models.

And last, the mannequins! I always feel that this word is mis-used, because a mannequin should *not* be merely a wooden instrument or peg, on which clothes are hung. She must be a living woman, whose gestures and pose and whole expression aid the creation she is showing. It is very easy to find beautiful mannequins, but very rare to find one whose mind can collaborate with yours in showing your creations.

I remember one mannequin I had—Andrée—a very beautiful girl, but as stupid as a goose, and very vain. However, in the morning I would call out: "He! where is my beautiful Andrée?" which so stimulated her, that for the rest of the day she would preen herself and carry the dresses just as I had intended she should—proud and haughty as a queen!

I had three houses then—"Frosine," a maison of perfumery, "Corine," a school of interior decoration, and, of course, my own house of couture, "Poiret." One morning in my office I was visited by the famous Monsieur Coty, a small gentleman laced into a pale grey suit, with a little straw hat on his head.

He seated himself in my armchair and informed me that he had come to buy my perfumery business!

"If you continue as you are doing," he told me, "you will take fifteen years to reach any importance. If you come with me, in two years you will be worth as much as I am."

I shook my head. "Quite so," I answered. "But in two years my business will be yours, while in fifteen years it would still be my own property."

Monsieur Coty rose brusquely, and squashing his boater on his head, departed raging.

When the Great War broke out in 1914, I was employed as the regimental tailor, and the authorities were astounded to find that I did not know how to sew!

But I invented a new model of uniform for the regiment, which required sixty centimetres less material than the official model and saved four hours of work.

At one town, lately evacuated by the enemy, we commandeered a whole depot of German sewing machines, to help turn out the capots at a higher speed, and I ended my war days by directing great workshops for the cutting and making of uniforms.

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Say good-bye to endless bills from joiners, plumbers, upholsterers, electricians, mechanics, and wireless "doctors." *Do it yourself!* "The Handy Man and Home Mechanic" shows you how, in simple words and pictures.

It shows you how to lay carpets, hang wallpaper, distemper the ceiling; how to replace a broken window, or tile a hearth; to keep your drains and pipes clean, to make furniture, a garden shed or a gate. Thousands of subjects are dealt with.

Seize this further opportunity while it is before you . . . turn to pages 4 and 5 and complete the reservation forms to-day.

'DANDRUFF *all over my clothes* -now FREE'

(writes Mr. L. M. I.—see letter below)

Sufferers from dandruff all know the shame of never having a clean coat collar. It's terrible enough, in all conscience. But make no mistake, though. Dandruff is just the *first* sign that your hair is *starved*. The second is hair falling out—watch your comb. And the last stage is—*baldness.*

Hair must be nourished

Like any other living thing, hair must have its natural food. In the young and vigorous scalp it gets *fourteen separate and distinct compounds* from the blood-stream. Directly it can't, it languishes and dies.

Dr. Weidner, the celebrated biochemist, discovered what these fourteen compounds were, and succeeded in combining them in a form the hair-root could absorb by outward application. His preparation is Silvikrin.

No secret—just brilliant research

Silvikrin is the logical thing to make hair grow, because it is the *natural* thing. But it took a scientist of Dr. Weidner's calibre to prepare it. Consequently, when he submitted it to doctors and hospitals, it had a tremendous reception. It was the first time the problem of hair-growth had been tackled scientifically—and the first time the problem had been solved. Doctors were enthusiastic. Professor Polland, of Graz University, the famous Austrian dermatologist, said: *'If Silvikrin does not succeed, it is useless to try other preparations.'*

Read this graphic letter

'Dear Sir,—Before using Silvikrin my hair was full of dandruff. I had only to draw my hand through my hair and out it would come all over my clothes. I had already tried———'s Hair Wash and several other kinds of hair tonic. But since using Silvikrin my hair is now free from dandruff.

'It is the only advertisement which tells the truth. . . .'

L. M. I., Coventry.

The roots need feeding

How Silvikrin feeds hair. The black bulbous 'root' can come right out—the real root is the fibrous growth underneath. It is *this* that Silvikrin feeds.

30I F

WHAT DO I NEED?

For Dandruff—hair beginning To fall. To keep the scalp healthy, strengthen the hair and bring out its natural vitality—*Ask for* SILVIKRIN LOTION.

For severe dandruff, serious falling hair, bald patches. To restore new hair growth use the *concentrated* natural organic hair food. *Ask for* PURE SILVIKRIN.

From all leading chemists (including Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites), hairdressers and stores.

Silvikrin does grow hair

Try a loaf of BERMALINE BREAD to-day—you have a treat in Store.

From Quality Bakers

BERMALINE

95, Bothwell St., Glasgow, C.2.

ARTISTS

Why not draw for this paper?

Earn big money for a few hours' work in your own home.

The London Art College Course covers every phase of Press drawing including the business side.

Write now for the freehand book and send me a drawing or two for a sincere and sympathetic criticism—tell me what you want to do and I will give you a frank and candid opinion of your chances of success.

There is no obligation whatever. Address me personally

A. W. BROWNE
Principal

London Art College, 20 Southampton Street, Holborn, W.C.1.

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Designed to test every man's ability to command an army in the field, consisting of Infantry, Machine Guns, Cavalry and Field Guns. The battle is fought over a board representing open country dotted with villages, woods, hills and rivers.

No player can win by luck. Only by making the decisions demanded of commanders in actual warfare—the handling of Infantry boldly without recklessness, throwing Cavalry into action at the right moment, getting the greatest effect from Field and Machine Guns—can victory be assured.

Definitely no toy, but a test of skill in the handling of men under battle conditions.

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JOHN H. OTTAWAY & Co., Fairfax House, Fullwood Place, London, W.C.1.

3/6 post free

This Trial Tube of CORO-SHAVE FREE

Coro-Shave is quite different from any shaving cream you have known before. No brush, no hot water—yet a cleaner, closer shave than you ever had by the old method. And there's no smarting or soreness after using Coro-Shave.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

To Crown Perfumery Co. Ltd. (Dept. 46), 39 King's Road, London, N.W.1. Please send me seven-day sample of Coro-Shave. I enclose 1½d. in stamps for postage and packing. *Your envelope must be sealed and bear a 1½d. stamp.*

Name .....

Address .....

COS 1-SOS *This offer does not apply in I.F.S*

The Passing Show's £2,000 FREE FAMILY INSURANCE GIFT

37 GENEROUS BENEFITS — *Complete the forms below*

PASSING SHOW

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To .....
(Name of Newsagent)

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve PASSING SHOW for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date..... .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. P.S., 7/3/36

CUT HERE

Post *this Form to*

"Passing Show" Insurance Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of PASSING SHOW. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.
Age.....

Address .....

.....

Name and Address.....
of Newsagent

.....

..... Date.....

Use halfpenny stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if halfpenny stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. P.S., 7/3/36

The General chewed a FEEN-A-MINT & constipation was defeated

Feen-a-mint is the favourite family laxative; thorough and safe; delicious mint flavour. Get a packet from your chemist. For a free sample send your name and address and 1½d. in stamps (to cover postage) to White's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. S.5), 137 Thames House, Westminster, S.W.1.

Your hair loveliness

Your hairdresser knows that using Nestlé ColoRinse after every shampoo greatly enhances the natural colour sheen of your hair. This wonderful treatment is sold by leading chemists and hairdressers, who know the regular use of ColoRinse gives a wonderful colour brilliance to all types of hair, without being either a dye or a bleach.

Ask your chemist or hairdresser for the colour suited to your hair; if not sure of the exact shade write, enclosing a cutting of your hair, to:

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6d. PER PACKET CONTAINING 2 HAIR BEAUTY TREATMENTS

NESTLÉ COLORINSE

CAPSTAN CIGARETTES 10 for 6d.
PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED 20 for 11½d.

'BETTER BUY CAPSTAN.
they're blended better
- they're Wills's

- as they say at cocktail parties

Keep clear of colds, sore throat & 'Flu
gargle with
LISTERINE
Brand ANTISEPTIC

Of all Chemists.
1/6, 3/- and 5/6
per bottle.
MADE IN ENGLAND.

Five Hours Back

MY life has been a hard one. In the first place I married a man who everybody said was too good for me; he came of a better-class family than mine and had a public school education, and it was generally admitted, possessed brains above the average. All my friends prophesied disaster and told me that after he had "made good"—which was sure to happen—he would forsake me for some other woman more of his own mentality.

The exact opposite, or something very near it, was the case. My man, brilliant and clever as he undoubtedly was, lacked that one great asset—stamina. Clever and witty, he was always promising to do wonderful things. Unfortunately, they seldom materialised, and when they did it usually turned out to be a flash in the pan.

He wrote catchy little songs that seemed to sing themselves, but never did he receive an offer of payment for them, let alone the huge fortunes that the famous writers were supposed to earn.

Through all this time I was doing my best to keep things together. My faith in my husband never wavered. I felt in my bones that some day he would do big things, for there was no mistaking the underlying genius that was in him, but it was not till afterwards that I realised that his greatest trouble was ill-health; his failure was purely physical, and for that, perhaps loving him too much, I may have been partly to blame.

Meanwhile, in between the intervals of bringing two girls and a son into the world, I did my best to keep the home on the go. It was hard work and a period that I do not like to recall even now, not because I minded the struggle, but because of the atmosphere that was created amongst my husband's relatives, for, while they were willing to accept the fact that it was my own parents—much lower in the social scale—and my own personal efforts that were the chief contributory causes of any small comforts we enjoyed, they yet seemed to take it as an insult that this should be so.

However, the years rolled along somehow, but, as the children grew up and age and death took in their turn most of my supports, the struggle became increasingly difficult. Added to these troubles was the fact that my husband's health was failing rapidly; so rapidly that he needed medicines and attentions that it was almost beyond my limited power to supply.

At last the inevitable happened, and I was left to face the world alone with the responsibility of three young children on my hands.

For a time I struggled along, more or less successfully, during which time the two girls passed from school and out into the wider world, while my son, beloved above all, finally assumed the dignity of a small job.

A year or two passed, during which time we rubbed along fairly comfortably. Then my eldest girl met a boy and soon afterwards was married. On top of this, the youngest girl left home to take up a job in a distant town. I could not blame either of them, for in both cases the change meant an increase of happiness with the possibility of a betterment in position, but to me it was serious. I had been depending on their earnings, small as they were, to help keep the home at the slight measure of comfort we had at last achieved.

Now the whole burden was once again thrown on my shoulders, for the small amount my boy earned was earmarked for his boots and clothes.

About this time another man came into my life. He was a widower of a kindly disposition and appeared to be genuinely fond of me, and, although I could never feel the same towards him as I had felt for my first husband, an early liking gradually developed into something warmer. At first I repelled his advances, but he continued to press his suit, making much of the fact that, although not wealthy, he was in a position to care for both myself and my son.

At last these obvious advantages, allied to a regard that strengthened as the days passed, turned the scale in his favour, and one fine morning, without saying a word to a soul, we went quietly off to a registrar's office and got married.

I had expected a certain amount of difficulty with my son—indeed, I had been dreading it, which perhaps was the chief reason for the clandestine wedding—but I had never dreamed that he would take it as badly as was actually the case.

Directly I told him what had happened, he flew into an awful rage, accusing me of being unfaithful to his father's memory and swearing that he would not stay under the same roof as the usurper. In vain I pointed out that it was to a great extent for his sake that I had married a second time. He refused to listen to me, and the remonstrations of my new husband only added fuel to the flames.

I realised that he was too young to understand and prayed, and hoped, that time would ease the situation. Alas, my hopes in this direction were finally wrecked when, coming down to breakfast one morning, I found a note pinned to the tablecloth saying that my boy had left home for good, never to return.

For a time I was inconsolable, but gradually the first bitter hurt passed and I took up the thread of life again and became, if not happy, at least as contented as was possible under the circumstances.

For the four years that followed I was as comfortably off as ever before in my life, and but for a nasty, nagging little worry at the back of my heart, I think I could have been really happy; as it was, many is the night that I have spent staring open eyed into the darkness, wondering and wondering what had happened to my truant son. I pictured all sorts of terrible things, even the very worst. Such I suppose are all mothers' hearts for all time.

Then, as if jealous of my little spell of peace, came a fresh trouble. My husband was knocked down and seriously injured in a motor car crash.

For weeks he lay between life and death, then the grim reaper took his toll, and once again I was left a widow. This time I was absolutely and completely alone in the world. Of my daughters I saw very little; they each had their own lives to live and I did not feel it right that I should intrude.

It is true that, financially, I was better

The voice was that of a man many years dead

TRUE LIFE STORIES

Ten guineas for *your* True Life Story if you write it yourself in printable form; two guineas if you send us only a summary. That is "Passing Show's" invitation to readers, made because we believe in the old saying that "Truth is Stranger than Fiction."

off than ever, indeed, with a considerable sum as compensation for the loss of my husband, and other money he had left me, I was now in a position of minor independence. It seemed a tragic irony that the comforts I had always longed for should at last be mine, when it was too late for me to be able to share them with my loved ones.

I was now in a position to afford several small luxuries I had often wished to possess, and chief of these was a really good wireless set. Passionately fond of music, it had long been my ambition to have a first class set, and my first, and only extravagance, was the best instrument I could possibly get within my still limited means.

Unfortunately, I was not very clever at playing about with the little knobs and things that regulated the different home and foreign stations, so was forced to rely chiefly on the main London National programme. This, however, contented me quite well, and I had no patience with the clever, superior people who were continually writing to the papers letters of complaint and carping criticism.

It was on a Saturday afternoon not so many weeks ago that I sat listening-in to sweet music and dreaming of the past, when at the end of the programme came the clear tones of the announcer's voice.

"Five hours back," he said, and continued, "We are now taking you over to America to listen to a programme by courtesy of the American Broadcasting Company."

I think I only heard the announcement sub-consciously for my thoughts were far away, and it would be impossible for me to tell you what the early items were, but suddenly I sat up straight in my chair with a chill feeling, like cold running water, running up and down my spine, for it seemed to me that I could hear the voice of my first husband coming over the ether. I have told you that my set was a good one and the words came as distinctly as if the speaker had been in the room at my side.

After the first shock, I realised that there was a difference, although very slight, for one thing the voice had a slight, very slight, trace of American accent, also it was clearer and stronger than my poor husband's ever had been, but the tones were the same.

Then as I listened intently, my wonderment and the first feeling of uncanniness returned—increased threefold. Not only the tones, but the words; the quips and the jokes that came rippling out of the loud-speaker, were those of a man many years dead!

There could be no mistake, if I did not know those witty little side gags that had so often kept us a-roar with laughter in the old happy days when the world was an oyster ripe for the opening, then nobody did.

Suddenly, like a flash of revealing sunlight through dark clouds, came enlightenment. The artist now broadcasting could be no other than my own son from whom I had heard neither word nor sign for so many weary years. As the broadcast proceeded any slight doubts were brushed aside. There is no mother living who would not know the voice of her own son, however many the years, or however great the distance which intervened.

For long after the end of that particular broadcast I sat silent by the fire thinking and thinking, quite oblivious of the passing of time or what other items were coming through.

Unfortunately, I had not caught the name of the performer. I was sure it was not his own or I should have been certain to have noticed it; my trouble was to discover a way to get in touch with him, for now I knew that he was alive and well, no power on earth could prevent me endeavouring to get into communication.

At last, I thought of a plan which I immediately commenced to put into operation. Getting pen and paper I sat down to compose a letter to the American Broadcasting Company. I described the turn that I was certain was my boy's as well as I was able; to make sure I gave the actual words of some of the jokes, and asked them, if it was not against their rules, to forward another letter, which I enclosed, to the person concerned. Failing which, I requested that the letter should be returned to me. The enclosed letter was of too sacred a nature to detail here, but it contained a short history of recent events and concluded with an appeal for news of his welfare.

I think the fortnight which followed was the longest I have ever endured, and then one memorable morning came a foreign-looking envelope with an American post-mark. With fingers which trembled with excitement I tore it open. A quick glance at the first few lines and my heart gave a great leap of joy, I had to sit down and pull myself together before I could read it properly.

I had made no mistake about the identity of the artist. The letter was actually from my long-lost son. It was full of both news and contrition. He said that he had many times been intending to write, but had been too ashamed to do so when he had realised to the full the cruelty of his conduct.

He was, it appeared, now doing well in American vaudeville; writing his own songs and jokes, many of which were old ones of his father's introduced into a modern setting. The greatest news of all, however, was at the end.

His last words were that, having just completed a profitable contract, he was going to give himself a holiday and I could expect to see him almost on the heels of this letter. I am, indeed, expecting him even at the moment of writing this, my story.

HE WAS COOL, FOR SHE WAS CARELESS!

It's fatally easy for anyone to neglect perspiration without knowing it

LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP

Personal freshness must be renewed with every wash and bath from day to day

3D IN UNITED KINGDOM ONLY

Lifebuoy Toilet Soap DEEP cleanses. That's why it guards personal freshness so well.

PREVENTS 'B.O.' (BODY-ODOUR)

A LEVER PRODUCT

its special health element is your protection

LBT 195-201

He'll beat them all on Condition——

You give him:—

BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE

A few reasons why you should rely on "Benbow's" as your conditioner:

1. It has been used by dog owners for over a hundred years with wonderful success.
2. Owners write to us voluntarily and tell us the improvement it makes in the condition of their dogs.
3. Being a liquid it is so easy to administer.
4. Your dogs only require a dose once or twice a week to keep them in condition.

No Dog Owner should be without "BENBOW"

From 1/6 per Bottle

Of Chemists and Corn Merchants everywhere.

Write for Full Particulars.

BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE Co. Ltd.
Dept. P.S., 2 Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1

HOW TO BANISH RHEUMATISM

Among present-day methods of treating rheumatism antacid treatment with 'Milk of Magnesia' is proving consistently successful. The efficacy of this remedy is easily understood when we remember that rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, gout, and several forms of kidney trouble are directly caused by an excess of uric acid in the body. Now the logical means of countering an acid is to use an alkali or antacid, and 'Milk of Magnesia' has proved itself to be ideal for the purpose. 'Milk of Magnesia' not only effectually neutralizes uric acid and eliminates it from the system, but it can be taken continuously with perfect safety by the most delicate sufferer.

A daily dose of 'Milk of Magnesia' effects a steady diminution of uric acid until the last vestiges of the rheumatic poison are removed and aches and pains cease.

In addition to its direct action on uric acid, 'Milk of Magnesia' goes to the very source of the trouble, for it overcomes the constipation and dyspepsia which are responsible for the accumulation of uric acid in the system.

Of all chemists. Prices: 1/3 and 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS 1/- per box—family size bottle 2/-. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

You're Telling Us!

You have been asking for it

"HOW WONDERFUL IS DEATH" was written by a man in our own line of business who knew what he was talking about. And if that man has not appeared on this page before it is not because we did not think Shelley was good enough. We think he was a pretty good writer, too. Mrs. Wilkinson, of Handsworth, Birmingham (The City Beautiful), tells us something about what must come to one and all of us som day, and personally we found it of a sorbing interest. Death is not a cheerful subject; but read on. "You wrote something at the start of your page under 'You're Telling Us!' last year," Mrs. Wilkinson states, "which I cut out and kept between the leaves of a book I always have beside my bed. It was descriptive of the blazing sun and dark creeks of an Amazon jungle, and I know it all by heart. On account of this I am going to tell you about something that happened to me, beautiful in its way, too.

IN DECEMBER LAST YEAR I was operated on in a hospital in Birmingham and my heart stopped beating for nine minutes. I may thus be said to have died, although the marvels of modern surgery brought me back to life again, and, though an invalid, I am good for years yet, so they say. I used to be terribly afraid of dying. I am not now. I think I must have known that my heart was going to stop, for I have never felt so supremely happy and content in my life. I recall that everything that came to my mind was tinged with a sense of glowing beauty. I was never particularly fond of music, yet there was a background of sweet music to those thoughts, which were my dying ones.

RIGHT ACROSS THE FRONT of my mind there came a part of a cinema picture I had seen. It was about Schubert's life, and I can now see Schubert striding through the corn in a wide field, in the sunlight, with the corn waving in the wind. He was followed by his pupils. This is what I saw, and when the vision faded, I must have faded, too. That must have been the most beautiful thing of my life, for I am sure that beauty comes to you with death. I have certainly never approached such happiness as I then knew in life. I am writing all this to you because those few words you wrote about the jewelled flash of the humming bird in the brassy sun, and the pearl-grey flamingoes, and the dull tap-tap of the natives' machettes in the forest—the picture I got of your tropical scene was in my mind, too. I suppose in life I wanted desperately to see the place as you described it. It seemed that I was going to have the opportunity. But they brought me back to life."

IN A FEW BRIEF and well-chosen words, Mr. George Humphreys, licensee of a well-known hotel, takes upon himself the task of telling us—*us*!—something about dogs. "Most people seem to think," says George H., "that a dog bites them by closing his jaws on them. A dog could not hurt a baby anything to matter that way. You drench a dog by putting your fingers in between his back teeth, and if he could close his teeth on your fingers he would. He can't. He has not the power. A dog 'bites' you by running his teeth into you, same as a bull sticks his horns into you, or a soldier his bayonet." We are having a trying day of it by the landlord's account. "Let me tell you this. You are stronger than the dog, and you injure yourself more in tearing yourself away from the dog than the dog injures you by leaping at you.

SEE? THE DOG PUTS ALL he has got into the jump that digs his fangs into you. Then what does he do? He holds tight, leaving you to do the worst part for yourself. I have seen a man who fights wolves in a circus. That was in Toronto in 1911. This Dave La Verne let the wolf jump—there was no fake about the wolf—rolling to his rush so as to avoid the impact. He wore a thick sleeve and the wolf fastened on to the sleeve. This done, he held the wolf up on its hind legs, prised open its jaws, and as it fell kicked it gently aside. After about four attacks the wolf would leave him alone. If a dog bites you, hold his head close to where he has you pinned and wait for some one to prise his jaws open and hold him off. Press him at the back of the ears to hold his head close."

WE WILL BEAR IT IN MIND. Shag says that if a dog bites you, either you have been asking for it, or else the dog is making a mistake; a few kind words will always put the matter right. So it is a few kind words, and hold the dog fast to his bite. "A man is no good," writes Miss A. V. B., of Winchester, "until he is dead. I do not mean no longer with us, I mean until something has died inside him. It applies to women, too, I expect, but I would not be a judge of that. They call it broken-hearted, but anyone with sense knows that in the end it means getting rid of a lot of troublesome nonsense. That sort of romantic idiocy is best out of the system. A man who has been hopelessly in love with a woman, and lost her, knows that when his broken heart mends (as they always do and always have), he is the better and stronger for his experience. He is a man then, not a sentimental, gawky boy.

PEOPLE WHO FALL IN LOVE and stay there remind me of those who travel by ox-cart. They run no risk of injury through accident, but they do not get far. If your heart has been broken, you know what to expect of life, and in the long run things look better natural-coloured than pink-tinted. The man to avoid is the fellow who has never been in love. He would not know how, anyway. Next to avoid is the timid person, who has taken a modest helping of love and is making that do. Even if it turns out that he would know how, he wouldn't want to. Lastly, should you avoid the man who lets I dare not wait upon I would—if that is the right quotation. He is not worth bothering about, anyway. No, show me a man who has taken his medicine and knows what to expect!"

PLEASE TURN to our photograph on page 11.

Half a guinea is paid for each letter or quotation printed. Address: "Readers' Letters," "Passing Show," 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Please state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

SERVICE

on motoring, travel, holidays, dress, finance, home, education, and every other practical subject is given free by "The Passing Show" Advice Service, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Enclose stamped - envelope with query.

The Danger of—Habit

AFTER we have been doing a thing year after year it becomes a habit. Our arms, hands and legs work mechanically.

The danger of this is graphically illustrated in the following story of one of our readers.

She had just carried out the ordinary household task of getting coal from the coal-shed and was returning with the coal when she suddenly slipped on the slabs of the yard, made wet by rain. She was unable to save herself, and broke her arm.

Such accidents are, unfortunately, very common, and they invariably mean extra expense.

Our reader did not have to worry over the financial aspect of her accident, for as a registered reader of "The Passing Show" she promptly received a substantial cheque as Benefit under the Home Accidents section of "The Passing Show's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift which provides no fewer than 37 generous benefits including protection while travelling by road, rail, sea or air, while in the street, and during recreation,

If you have not yet registered, do so to-day. Fill up the forms on page 39 right away.

WORDS AFTER THE LETTERS

CLUES DOWN

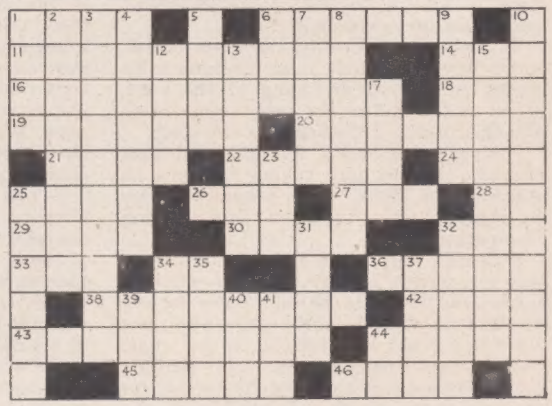
1. A stone chest.
2. An insect takes the lead in such precedence.
3. Puts a kick in it so to speak.
4. One who upends things.
5. Lave between the hills.
6. Some measure of genuflection required for this.
7. And this requires balance.
8. A deviation from 21.
9. Tapes the flood.
10. Peter Sty ode (anagram).
12. Traditionally stubborn.
13. A hanging ornament.
15. Introductory pieces.
17. What's in this?
23. Take the drink out of 22.
25. Moon aspects for instance.
31. Must be two for this.
32. Noise, sometimes from joints.
34. Flowing hair.
35. Half of 2 and meaning much the same.
37. These from the poets.
39. Only a part of the human race.
40. Here's assistance.
41. 23 as Queen Anne said it might be mistaken for this Scottish river.
44. Half 21.

P	E	R	■	S	P	A	R	E	■	S	N	O
R	■	A	■	A	R	R	E	S	T	E	D	■
A	C	T	I	N	O	M	E	T	E	R	■	C
A	D	■	C	R	I	S	E	S	■	F	I	N
E	■	R	I	D	■	T	O	O	L	■	E	L
E	M	E	N	T	A	R	Y	■	I	N	N	E
R	■	R	A	T	I	O	N	■	C	E	A	S
E	D	■	T	■	T	R	E	A	T	■	A	L
L	■	N	O	T	■	E	L	Y	■	M	E	■
B	R	I	S	T	L	E	■	E	A	Y	E	S
L	U	S	H	■	E	N	D	E	A	R	M	E	N	T
E	N	T	E	R	S	■	O	F	■	P	A	S	S

Solution to last week's puzzle.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Assignment of parts.
6. These may fly when there's friction.
11. May be more than a hint
14. Earthenware probably.
16. Pin soil taut (anagram).
18. Hail.
19. Places of worship.
20. A little knowledge made to go a long way.
21. Lure into control.
22. Hot water for this.
24. 2 time.
25. May be wood or on the carpet.
26. Perspicuity required to do this.
27. Zodiacal beast.
28. Doubled in a tomato.
29. Frosty in one sense.
30. Female not necessarily high-born.
32. Sever if deep enough.
33. Not the whole of a particle.
34. Bisect 34 down for the graduate.
36. Regretful.
38. Something came forth.
42. Possible abyssmal.
43. Obviously indispensable.
44. Stand for tenure.
45. May be indigent.
46. Before such furniture it is usual to 6 down.



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Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Post Free all over the World (except Canada): 15s. 2d. per annum, 7s. 7d. for six months, 3s. 10d. for three months. For Canada, 13s. per annum. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post, and entered as second-class matter May 17, 1929, at New York Post Office, N.Y. Agencies for the Colonies: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., Australia and New Zealand. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Son's, Ltd., Bookshops at 248 Rue de Rivoli, Paris, and 75 Boulevard Adolphe Max, Bruxelles, and Messageries Dawson, 13 Rue Albouy, Paris.

D 9

EVERY DAY

another opportunity

SLIPS BY

WHEN to-day ends, part of your life has gone for ever. If you have not made any definite move towards bettering your position, another opportunity has slipped by.

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Agriculture	Mining
Air Conditioning	Motor Engineering
Architecture	Municipal Engineering
Boilermaking	Pattern-making
Building	Plumbing
Chemical Engineering	Poultry Farming
Civil Engineering	Radio
Dairy Farming	Sanitary Engineering
Draughtsmanship	Sheet-Metal Work
Electrical Engineering	Steam Engineering
Engineering Shop Practice	Structural Engineering
Gas-Power Engineering	Surveying
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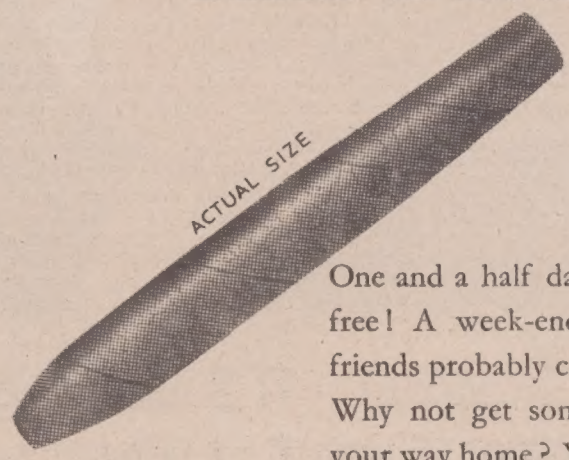

One and a half days absolutely free! A week-end at home—friends probably coming round. Why not get some Whiffs on your way home? You've surely earned a *luxury* smoke.

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Apropos of the above, a Gentleman writes from Edinburgh :— "3/2/36, Dear Mr. Saldo, Jan. 22nd, 1936, was the first anniversary of my taking up MAXALDING. I would now like to tell you how much I have benefited,—I am taller, heavier and all my leading measurements have gone up in spite of the fact that I have less superfluous fat than a year ago. I have never—taken any medicine, laxative, etc., and have NOT HAD ONE COLD—a welcome change. Wishing you and your splendid system all prosperity in the future, Yours, etc." PROOF that he had failed to get any benefit from a stereotyped system previously, willingly accorded to any Medical Authority.

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By Postcard, Letter, or Coupon. When Coupon is used, kindly delete the unnecessary items and post it, together with the following particulars, to Mr. Saldo:

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Send me, free of postage or liability, your 20,000-words illustrated explanatory treatise :—

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Grow It Like This

Read this letter: See how you, too, can stop your hair falling and grow it again, thicker and stronger than ever.

"About ten months ago my hair was coming out terribly and every time I combed it the comb was full of loose hair. Although I tried different kinds of hair restorers not one of them helped the condition.

Then I saw Kotalko advertised and decided to try it. After using Kotalko for a month, my hair stopped falling and new hairs were apparent, there was also an improvement in the dandruff. I persevered with Kotalko and now my hair is thick and luxurious, my scalp absolutely free from dandruff, and no sign of thinness of the hair. I have no hesitation in saying that Kotalko can be relied upon."

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"For years my hair had been falling out, the scalp was quite visible in some places owing to extreme thinness of the hair. **Nothing seemed to help,** not even on the dandruff, which was very irritable. **Yet two boxes of Kotalko stopped the falling** of the hair, **thickened the growth** on the bare parts, and cleared the dandruff. The general hairgrowth strengthened and gained new vitality. Several of my friends remarked upon the great improvement.

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You can free your scalp and hair from hair-killing dandruff—stop hair falling and lose—even if nearly bald.

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Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

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For Perfect Grooming and Hair Setting, try the delicately perfumed Kotalko Lustre. 1/6 single size. 3/6 triple size.

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**Your Throat Protection*
Against Irritation...Against Cough